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THE O'DONNELLS IN EXILE.

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PART SECOND.

It is not desirable, in a paper like the present, to sink the historian into the genealogist; but the nature of our subject requires that we should now take a retrospective view of the pedigree of the O'Donnells since their downfall in Ireland.

We have already stated, that after the death of Hugh Albert O'Donnell, the only son of the Earl Rory, in the summer of 1642, the race of the celebrated Sir Hugh O'Donnell, prince of Tirconnell, became extinct in the male line, and that all the O'Donnells from that time forward, who distinguished themselves at home and on the Continent, and who are now so illustrious in Spain and Austria, and so respectable at home in Ireland, are all the descendants of Con O'Donnell, the rival of the said Sir Hugh.

There was, however, a junior branch which became extinct in 1735, in the person of Brigadier Daniel O'Donnell, of the French service, and there are at present various highly respectable families of the name throughout Ireland, but their pedigrees have not been yet satisfactorily proved.

Con O'Donnell, who died in 1583, had several sons, but only three of them left issue; namely, Niall Garve, Hugh Boy, and Con Oge. Niall Garve married his relative Nuala, the youngest daughter of Sir Hugh O'Donnell, and the sister of the famous Red Hugh. This alliance, however, did not effect a lasting reconciliation between these rival parties, of which Niall Garve was unquestionably the senior.

The character of Niall Garve has been painted by our national writers in unfavourable colours, because of his hostility to Red Hugh, and the part which he took against him in conjunction with the English. It is very true that the history of Ireland does not present a more chivalrous or devoted Irish chieftain than Red Hugh proved himself to be, during his short but eventful career, but we should not condemn Niall Garve for opposing him, more than we do his father Con, for opposing Sir Hugh. We should bear in mind that Niall Garve was the senior representative of the O'Donnells, according to the law of primogeniture, then beginning to prevail among the native Irish, and that he must have been nurtured in feelings of hostility to the man who had unjustly usurped his place.

The English government (as the State Papers inform us) knew this well; and, in the year 1600, in order

to destroy, if possible, the two great northern chieftains (O'Neill and O'Donnell), determined to support the claims of Niall Garve against Red Hugh, and those of Arthur O'Neill, son of Turlough Luinech, against the Earl of Tyrone. It was one of the motives which determined the government of England on sending Sir Henry Docwra to effect a settlement at "the Derry," that their agent might possess opportunities of more immediate communication with these discontented chieftains. Thus, in *The Narration of his Services* written by Sir Henry Docwra, in 1614, we read: "On the first of June Sir Arthur O'Neale, sonne to old Tirlough Lenagh, that had been O'Neale, came in unto me with some thirty horse and foote, a man I had directions from the State to labour to draw to our side, and to promise to be made Earl of Tyrone, if the other that maintayned the rebellion, could be dispossessed of the country."

And so the same influences were used to work with Niall Garve, for we find a similar result produced. "On the third of October came in Neale Garvie with forty horse and sixty foote, a man I was also directed by the State to winne to the Queen's service, and one of equal estimation in Tirconnell that Sir Arthur O'Neale was in Tyrone." And the end of the conference was: "I promised him, in behalf of the Queene, the whole country of Tirconnell, to him and his heires, and my Lord Deputy and Council at Dublin did afterwards confirm it unto him under their hands."

From this we see that Niall Garve regarded himself as an excluded chieftain seeking to recover his ancient birthright, and that he seized the English offers as the only means of crushing his powerful rival, Red Hugh. While, however, he thought to use their alliance for his own purposes, he was but an instrument in their hands to effect the ruin of himself and his rival.

In accepting the queen's offer of putting him in possession of Tirconnell, and setting aside Red Hugh, he aimed at being installed with all the absolute privileges of "The O'Donnell," and not by any means that his power should be trammelled with the obligations of an English subject; and as soon as he saw that his new allies were not likely to consent to this, he became discontented, and began to act on his own authority, without any regard to the arrangements intended by the government. He claimed absolute authority over the country of Tirconnell, and stated that the very persons of the people belonged to him. The matter being referred to the Lord Deputy and council, they decided against his exorbitant claims, but he still vigorously co-operated with the English to crush Red Hugh, and

endeavoured more and more to exercise his privileges as the "O'Donnell," independently of his English allies.

Dockwra tendered many bitter complaints against him to the Lord Deputy, stating that he wanted to have the people sworn to him and not to the Queen; that he did not wish to allow any officer but himself in the country; that he would not suffer his men to sell their goods to the English, nor work with them for money; and that he would not suffer any man of his country to be punished for any crime though ever so heinous. From these complaints the government resolved to set him aside as soon as an opportunity offered of finding some less stubborn and less ambitious O'Donnell to occupy his place. Therefore after the battle of Kinsale, and the flight of Red Hugh, Rory O'Donnell, the brother of Red Hugh, was "taken in" by the Lord Deputy. On this Niall Garve grew more discontented, and at last assembled all his followers at the church of Kilmacrenan, where the O'Donnells were inaugurated, and there took upon him the title of "O'Donnell," with all the accustomed ceremonies. Shortly after this he repaired to Derry with a greater troop of attendants than usual, and they styled him, at every word, "my lord."

The rival claims of Niall Garve and Rory were now submitted for the decision of the council in England, and Rory went himself to London to attend in person to his interests. The influence of his friends and connexions, as well as the too ambitious character of his opponent, decided in his favour, and shortly after Rory came to Dublin with his Majesty's letters to be made Earl of Tirconnell, and have all the country to him and his heirs, except Ballyshannon and such lands as Niall Garve had held.

Niall Garve was knighted by Mountjoy in 1602, and soon after created Baron of Lifford; but he was arrested by the English at Raphoe in 1608, on the accusation of Inceaduff, the mother of Red Hugh, before the Lord Bishop of Derry, and after a confinement of eighteen years, he died in the Tower of London in 1626, in the 57th year of his age.

This Niall Garve had two sons, Naghten, who died a prisoner in the Tower of London, and Manus, who was a Colonel in the army of the Confederate Catholics, and was killed at Benburb A.D. 1646. This Colonel Manus married Susanna, daughter of Hugh Magennis, Viscount Iveagh, and had by her one son, Rory O'Donnell, who married Johanna, daughter of Egnecchan O'Donnell, and had by her a daughter Grace, who married Connell O'Donnell, Lord Lieutenant of Donegal in 1689. Some time previously to 1664 he settled with a large train of followers at Ballycroy, in the south of the barony of Erris, Co. of Mayo, where he is now represented by Sir Richard O'Donnell of Newport.

The pedigree of Grace the daughter of Rory is given in a poem addressed to her husband by an Irish poet, Patrick MacWard, who describes her personal beauty and mental predicates, in all the glow of poetical rapture.

Rory O'Donnell had also a son, Colonel Manns O'Donnell of Newport, but his legitimacy has not been satis-

factorily proved. If he were legitimate, he was unquestionably the head of his name in Ireland. In MacCurtin's *Vindication of the Antiquities of Ireland*, (Dublin, 1717), he is styled Col. Manus O'Donnell, and is marked as "head of his family." He had three sons, of whom the Venerable Charles O'Connor of Belanagare has the following notice in the first edition of his *Dissertations on the History of Ireland*, published in 1753.

"The late Col. Magnus O'Donnell [maternal] uncle to the O'Donnell just mentioned, was an officer of distinction in the late wars of Ireland, and left three sons, Charles, Hugh, and Magnus, all alive at present, acting a part worthy of such a parent, and of such ancestors."

Charles, the eldest of these sons, married Catherine, daughter of James O'More, of Ballina, in the county of Kildare, Esq., chief of his name, and had a son Manus, who was born in 1713, and entered at an early age into the Austrian service, in which he rose to the rank of major-general, and was created Count of the Empire by the Empress Maria Theresa. Hugh, his younger brother, is the ancestor of Sir Richard O'Donnell of Newport.

Let us now return to Hugh Boy O'Donnell, brother of Sir Niall Garve. He is mentioned, in 1615, with his brother Donnell as carrying on a treasonable correspondence with Sir Niall Garve, then a prisoner in the Tower of London, and a similar charge is brought against them in the confession of Cormack MacRedmond Moyle Maguire, taken before Sir Toby Caulfield at Charlemont, on the 11th of June 1615. He died in 1649. He married Mary Maguire, daughter of Lord Enniskillen, by whom he had two sons, Dominic and John, of whom the former appears to have died unmarried. John, the latter, was a distinguished officer in the Spanish service, and was considered the head of the O'Donnells. He died in 1655. This John married Catherine daughter of Owen O'Rourke, by whom he had Hugh O'Donnell, traditionally called *Ball dearg* O'Donnell, i.e. O'Donnell of the Red spot, and Connell O'Donnell, the ancestor of the O'Donnells of Larkfield and Greyfield.

In an Irish poem preserved in a MS. relating to the history of the O'Donnells, transcribed in 1727, by James Maguire of the Co. Fermanagh, this Hugh's pedigree is given thus:—Hugh, son of John, son of Hugh Boy, son of Conn, son of Calvagh. This poem styles him Earl of Tirconnell, and he himself, in his will made in 1675, states that he was Hugh O'Donnell Earl of Tirconnell, and that he was the son of the late John O'Donnell and Catherine Rorke, his lawful wife.

The history of this remarkable man, who in the traditions of the peasantry of Ulster ranks next after Finn Mac Cool and Brian Boru, has been sadly misrepresented hitherto, and we can only account for the obloquies cast on his memory by supposing that his friends and foes had not authentic documents relating to his career. The most valuable narrative which we now present to our readers will, we are satisfied, throw great light on his vicissitudes, and will also illustrate the eventful period in which he figured. Let us however premise that this document, the only copy of which

now known to exist is in the possession of Maximilian Count O'Donell, of Vienna, was written by an Irish priest at Bilbao in the year 1701, and that its object was to justify Ball-dearg's conduct in Ireland, where he landed in 1690, four days after the battle of the Boyne. It is necessary to remark, that the priest almost invariably styles him simply O'Donel, in order to distinguish him from the Duke of Tyrconnell, the title conferred by King James on Richard Talbot.

It must be borne in mind that O'Donell came to Ireland without the licence of the King of Spain, in whose army he held a commission; that in 1690-2 the King of Spain was the ally of William III., and at war with Louis XIV., King of France, the ally of James II.; that the principal states of the Continent had entered into the League of Augsburg, some time previously, against the formidable power of Louis XIV.; that Pope Innocent XI. had given the Prince of Orange a large sum of money, to enable him to resist the power of this encroacher on the dominions of the Church; that the Prince of Orange was head of the League of Augsburg; and that the Irish found themselves abandoned, with comparatively little more than their own very inadequate means of defence, against the enormous superiority of every description directed against them by the Prince of Orange, as head of this league, and King of England and Scotland.

It will be seen from the document now submitted to the reader, that Ball-Dearg intended, when he found the war in Ireland closed, to take such of his followers as wished to serve under him (two regiments) to *Spanish ground*. But that when he saw that they were to be sent to the Emperor in Hungary, he declined the command, and as soon as he recovered from a long illness in London, he went alone to the Low Countries, which for a long time before had belonged to the kings of Spain, to whom he and his predecessors owed the fealty of gratitude and military honour. From London he set out for the Spanish army in Piedmont, in 1692, where he served as a volunteer till 1695, and then, on going to Madrid, was made a Spanish major-general.

The reader will naturally ask why he accepted of a pension from William III.? We answer, in order to be able the more easily to re-enter the Spanish service. He had been in disgrace for having gone away without permission from his command in Spain, to join his master's enemy, James II., the ally of France, in Ireland. The pension which he had from William III. was only an equivalent for the pay of brigadier, the rank which he held in Spain, and under James II. in Ireland; and being utterly without fortune, he may surely deserve some merciful consideration at the hands of the historian, if, after losing his pay and rank in Spain by coming to Ireland without leave—and where he was most unjustly treated—he made that one little personal stipulation when James's cause was utterly hopeless.

We now submit to our readers a reprint of the narrative of the vicissitudes of Ball-Dearg O'Donell:

"I have received your obliging letter of the tenth of July last; and since you pretend by your education in France,

and your constante abode there (from your infancy) to be ignorant of the true state of the affairs of your native country, and the several interests of its present inhabitants; and are so desirous to be particularly informed of the conduct and behaviour of Hugh O'Donel Earl of Tircmel in the late wars of that kingdom; I am very willing to gratify your curiosity in both as far as I am able; and without being a chronologer or a historian, I do not doubt giving you full satisfaction in what you propose, especially as to what relates to that nobleman's proceedings; for I had the honour to attend him all along from Spain into Ireland in the year 1690, and from thence thro' England into Flanders in 1693, but also to be privy to all the transactions he was concerned in during the whole course of that time.

I am fully persuaded that you and every man who shall read this letter (upon whom plain reason, known truths, and an exact recital of matters of fact can have any force,) will be convinced that he has acquitted himself, towards his rightful and natural sovereign King James, with all the faithfulness and duty a brave man and a good subject is capable of.

But if any do believe the contrary, it has been occasioned by the false reports and malicious suggestions of his envious and unjust adversaries, with his own too great modesty and backwardness to publish (for which I often blamed him) his case or *factum*, wherein it would have been easy for him to have vindicated his reputation, and the sincerity of his intentions, and to have demonstrated very clearly that all the clamours and objections raised against him were notoriously false and scandalous; and that he suffered in that unfortunate kingdom many great and intolerable hardships and injustices from men much less zealous in their master's service and (I may say without vanity) much less able than he to defend or promote his cause.

But for your better comprehending what you seeme so willing to know, I must beg leave to look a little backward, and take some things at a distance and in gross, without dwelling upon them, or descending to more particulars than are just necessary for clearing the matter in hand.

First, that I shall for the future call the Earl by the name of O'DONEL, not only to distinguish him from COLONELL TALBOT newly made EARL & DUKE of TYRCONNELL and govermour of IRELAND, but also because that of O'DONEL was the antient title (long before the creation of lords was in fashion) of the powerful and illustrious family of the O'DONELs, of which this great man is the undoubted chiefe.

The second is, that I shall say nothing of him but plain matters of fact, which can be attested by thousands of witnesses of that nation, as well within as without the kingdom.

The third, that the *Irish* word *KEERHAGHT*, I must be often forced to make use of, signifies a certain number of families that abandoning to the enemies their houses, goods and substance, all except their cattle, go about wandering from place to place with their herds and flocks, whereby they do not only make a shift to support themselves, but are also enabled to contribute to the subsistence and victualling of the army.

Having premised these three things, I shall now answer your letter in the order and method you yourself have prescribed.

You must know then, that from the time of the invasion of Ireland in King Henry the Second's reign (above 500 years ago) till the fall of religion [Reformation], the interest lay divided between the antient inhabitants descended from Spain, and those later comers and their offspring from England; the one striving to get all they could right or wrong, and the other to recover what they had lost, or keep what yet remained. This, you may conclude, occasioned a great deal of bloodshed on both sides, the war continuing between these two parties for near 400 years, except some small interruptions or intervals of cessations and truces.

Nor did the misery of Ireland end here, for upon the growth of Heresie the war was still carried on in that kingdom, tho' by different parties, by a Protestant army from England, and a Catholic army of *Irish* composed of the more antient and later natives, for the support of the true Religion, of which they are both zealous professors.

But tho' they were supported by the Pope and by the Spaniard, yet thro' the most secret judgements and decrees of the Almighty they were both at last overcome, and thereby room made upon the confiscation of their estates for a new plantation of English

and Scotch Protestants all over the kingdom, but more especially in Ulster; where the cheefe families were totally ruined about a hundred years ago, in the beginning of the reign of KING JAMES the first, when O'DONEL and several others were proscribed and forced to fly into Spain.

About thirty years afterwards, in 1641, the Catholic natives of that country, seeing the misunderstandings and broyls between KING CHARLES the first and his subjects of Scotland and England, rose up in armes, not onely in hopes of restoring their religion and recovering their former possessions, but also because they were morally persuaded it stood with the king's interest and service soe to doe; as it plainly appeared afterwards by the several overtures of peace that were made, and the last of all when they joynd KING CHARLES the second's army, after maintaining a warr for ten years against such as cut of his royal father's head, till at last they were forced to submit to the conquering armes and fortune of the ARCHBELL CROMWELL in 1652, who had before subdued both England and Scotland.

This fatal blow completed the intire ruin of all the estated Irish, and made way for a new swarm of English (the mechanic part and scum of that nation), who for a reward of their services against their lawfull monarch in the two neighbour kingdoms, were put in possession of all the Catholics' lands in Ireland.

Tho' the Protestants of this country invented a foolish distinction between the natives descended from Spain, who to this day exceed the others ten to one in number, on purpose to divide and weaken them, and thereby make both a more easy prey to themselves, yet CROMWELL made no difference between them, but stripped both parties alike, some of all, and those more favourably dealt with of two-thirds of their estates; giving to these not the other third of their own lands, but in lieu thereof an equal number of acres in the province of *Connacht*: Whether they were all banished, with design (as is judged from what afterwards appeared) to have them all inhumanly massacred when cooped up in that nook of the kingdom separated from the other three provinces by the great river SHANNON; but this barbarous and bloody proposal was in a general council, after a long and solemn debate, carried in the negative by three voices onely, as I have been credibly informed.

And thus, contrary to all expectation, by the peculiar providence of God, the counsellors and contrivances of those wicked men were blasted and confounded: and those gentlemen, the most zealous abettors of monarchy and Catholic religion, preserved from the rage and cruelty of their malicious and inveterate enemies.

KING CHARLES the second, imposed upon by the craft and policy of the *Cromwellians*, and the weakness and corruption of his own ministers, was in a manner forced to confirm to this race of rebels the distribution of the lands of Ireland made by the Usurper, and exclude his Catholic subjects (those who for their loyalty lost their all at home, and followed his fate abroad in France and Flanders) from all employments in church or state, and make them further incapable of enjoying or purchasing any houses or tenements; and even of living within any citys walled or corporated towms of the kingdom.

After this short account I need not tell you that there are three sorts of inhabitants and as many different interests in this island.

The first and more antient natives descend from Spain; the second are descended from those of KING HENRY the second's conquest; these two are generally Catholics and by intermarriages so linked with one another in blood or alliance, that I do not believe there can at this day be found in the whole kingdom one, much less two, pure families without something of this mixture.

The third sorte are the Protestants, Scotch and English, of Queen ELIZABETH, KING JAMES the first, and CROMWELL's plantation, who are exceeded by the other two in number above twenty for one, and who to this day will not willingly suffer themselves to be called Irish, tho' they owe their birth and the reputation of being gentlemen to their good fortune in this unhappy country.

This was the situation of affaires when KING JAMES the second came to the crown, who knowing the Catholics of Ireland to be much more numerous than the Protestants, and that they

were underhand allowed in private the exercise of their religion, during the greatest part of his brother's reign, judged he might do more in favour of Catholicity in that country than in his other dominions, where the heretics were almost the whole body of the people, and therefore he resolved to give Catholics some share in the power and management of public affairs in that kingdom.

In order to this COLONEL TALBOT, a gentleman of this religion, and of the race of the English inhabitants, having been created EARL of TYRCONNELL (the title formerly belonging to the family of the O'DONELs as aforesaid,) was named governor of Ireland in the year 1686, who soon after made way for severall Catholics to get into civil employments; and modelled the army so, as to make it almost wholly Catholic, of which a part was sent for into England to strengthen his MAJESTY against the threatened invasion; which wicked design succeeding beyond expectation, was followed with so sudden and violent a change, that the king found himself under a necessity to fly into France, and disperse those troops which remained faithful to him in England, among which particular care was taken to dispatch the Irish into Hungary, that they might either be late or never return to their master's service.

This great and unexpected alteration put the Cheefe Governor of Ireland and his Catholic Councillors into a mighty consternation, the standing army being very much weakened by so considerable a part of it sent for England; however, the Catholics all unanimously declared they would stand by him in the support of the KING's cause; and to that end willingly sacrifice their whole fortune and their blood even to the last drop against all rebels.

This declaration made him take heart, and encouraged him to give out commissions for raising a new army, undertaken with that zeal and fervour that in less than six months' time 100,000 men were enlisted, and for so long maintained by the respective officers, who with the private soldiers were all natives and Catholics; and having good grounds to distrust the Protestants, he disarmed them in Dublin, and gave orders for doing the same thing in other parts of the country, and gave an account of the Catholics' loyalty and his own proceedings to His MAJESTY, who was not thereby a little animated to pursue the resolution he had before taken up of passing into that kingdom; where accordingly he arrived in the March following, 1689.

These motions of the Catholics alarmed the Protestants so much that all were highly discontented, many fled out of the kingdom, others got into Inniskillen and Londonderry in a hostile manner, and those who remained at home were struck with the same panic fear that all the rest were seized with, viz: That the times were now come, where'n an account was to be given of the estates they had so long usurped from the Irish.

This was the state wherein the KING found things at his arrival. The Protestants, all disarmed, fled, or in open rebellion; the Catholics striving to outdo one another in demonstrations of zeal, love, and fidelity, which induced His Majesty for their greater encouragement to advance severall to higher dignities and employments; the Earl of TYRCONNELL was created Duke, and made Lieutenant-General of the army, which was modelled anew, giving his own commissions to all the general and subaltern officers; he also called a Parliament, and amongst other laws there was enacted the restoration of the Catholics ousted of their possessions on account of their insurrection in 1641, and repealed the ACT of SETTLEMENT made in favour of the Cromwellians.

The Irish English of the conquest, with some of the more antient race, were well pleased to find themselves restored by this new act, commonly called the *act of repeal*; the first being possessed of two-thirds of all the employes, civil and military, did not doubt reaping greater advantages out of the forfeited estates of the rebel Protestants, by the friendship and influence they had on the men in power, of the same descent with themselves; or in compensation of their services to the king in the present conjuncture. The Spanish Irish were in hopes that this alteration would make them amends for what they had suffered on account of their zeal for religion, ever since the growth of heresie; and laying hold on the present occasion to prove their loyalty and power, they offered to beat the protestants out of Londonderry, and clear the province of Ulster of all the rebels; which advantageous propo-

sition was rejected, with a fatal and pernicious consequence to the king and kingdom. This they loudly complained of, but to no purpose, all the arguments they urged had no force; because some in power were as much enemies to them as to the Protestants, and maliciously whispered to *His Majesty*, they might prove equally dangerous to his interest.

But this notwithstanding, they stuck close to their business, and minded the king's much more than their own, and to this day espouse and pursue it with demonstrations of unshaken loyalty.

But to make you comprehend this the better, I must make a short digression, and tell you who these were, the condition they were in, the service they were able to do, what hopes they had, and what complaints they made, and how they have hitherto behaved themselves.

Under the name of *Irish*, are to be understood the antient nobility and gentry and their followers or dependants, who for defending the Catholic cause, and opposing queen ELIZABETH the usurper of the crown of England, against the rightful heir MARIE Queen of Scots, were despoiled of vast estates and inheritances descended from and possessed by their forefathers for many ages, whereby their offspring must needs (as they did) become poor and contemptible; and yet, notwithstanding all their great sufferings ever since, poverty and persecution from the domineering powers, many of the chiefs or heads of *Clanns* have wonderfully preserved and kept up their credit and reputation among the followers and dependants of their families to that degree, that they are still at this day treated by them with all the love and duty, deference and respect, formerly paid to their more rich and powerful ancestors: so constant and sincere are these old natives in their friendships and professions, and so just and grateful to benefactors as to be extraordinary careful and zealous, to infuse and transmit, as it were, into all their children and relations; from all which you may easily infer what they had been, what they have lost, and what their present condition is.

It is too notorious to admit of a dispute, that amidst all the several unhappy revolutions of Ireland, this old stock of nobility have still kept up their antient reputation and credit, (as I hinted before) amongst their dependants, and are still honored and revered by them as their natural lords, notwithstanding all the ill treatment they have received, they having been stripped of their estates and fortunes, and transplanted from one province to another, to make them be forgotten and neglected by their followers: so that it is plain that these are the best qualified to serve their Prince against all his enemies whatever, and in right policy should have been looked upon accordingly in this last revolution, which no doubt his MAJESTY had done, had he not been imposed upon by others for sinister ends of their own, contrary to his true interest.

And since these were the people, who allways stood up in defence of the Royal house of STUARTS against all usurpers; which was evident in the several wars they maintained during the long reign of Queen ELIZABETH, the Long Parliament, CROMWELL, and the present usurper [i.e., William of Orange]; and that his MAJESTY was abandoned by two of his kingdoms, and by the wealthiest part of Ireland, the protestants; they were in hopes by their services to recover their former inheritances, and the rather because these were possessed by the Scots and English of the Kingdom, then in actual rebellion against his MAJESTY. And since there was an act of Parliament for restoring the English Irish, who had suffered on account of the wars of 1641, the old Irish pretended another ought to be made in favour of themselves, who before that time had lost their estates for warring against queen ELIZABETH, especially considering that what they then acted was by private underhand encouragement from KING JAMES the first, who being doubtful of his succession to the monarchy of England, engaged and assisted the Irish in his quarrel, to make his way the smoother to the English throne.

But finding there was no hopes to succeed in their expectations, which they believed very just, they complained indeed of their misfortunes, but with that duty and submission, that they resolved howsoever, to sacrifice their lives for His Majesties service and restoration, of which there cannot be a more evident proof, than that the troops for the greatest part, were composed of persons in these circumstances, who cheerfully undertook the

work; notwithstanding the great want of all necessaries for their pay, victuals, arms or ammunition. And when Marshall Schomberg landed in the north, the remainder that were not in the army, abandoned and burnt their goods and houses, and in Keerights went to the King's quarters, with no other design but to serve His Majesty and incommode the enemy by leaving all the country waste. And so great a number of them joined the King, that Marshall Schomberg's progress and designs for that campaign were spoiled, and his whole army must have perished had not our fate been more than ordinary unlucky.

The year following at the battle of the *Boyn*, there were not fully 22,000 men, and those not near half-armed, who yet retired 20 miles, with very little loss to Dublin, but with a great deal of reputation, if justice were done them, since it is no weakness or disrepute for so small a number, and so very shamefully armed, to yield or fly before an army of 45,000 men of the most regular and best equipped of all the troops of EUROPE.

And can there be a greater proof of their valour and constancy, than their crossing the country a hundred miles, and rendezvousing at Limerick, without apprehending any hazards from a victorious army, master of the field and passes they were to march through.

To end this campaign with some what more of glory than they began it, here they opposed themselves to the enemy's victorious and formidable army, and defended the place rather by a heroic effort of courage and loyalty, than by any maxime or principle of regular or military art or conduct; for their principal chief officers were absolutely against it, and condemned it as a rash, foolish, and impossible undertaking; wherein notwithstanding, to the amazement of all the world, they very happily succeeded. Next year in the battle of Aughrim, tho' unsuccessful, they sealed with abundance of blood their faithful and constant resolution of serving their king to the last. And after the loss of Limerick, they filled up the troops that followed his Majestic's fate into France, as appears by what yet remains of them in His most Christian Majestic's army: whence you may conclude what were their hopes; and what their complaints; and that yet notwithstanding, they behaved themselves with all the bravery and loyalty imaginable.

But since in this last action, there was a person of some rank and no small reputation, that declined going into France with others of his country; and that this his resolution, by inadvertence or want of true information, has been maliciously censured and misrepresented by some envious detractors, as well as some others of his actions; I find myself obliged to make a new digression, the better to discover to you the truth of the matter of fact, and justify his proceeding.

You will easily guess the person I mean is Don Hugh O'Donel, known in Spain by the title of Earl of Tyronnel, the head or chief of the family of O'Donels (as I said before), which on account of their warre against queen Elizabeth were despoiled of all their estates, and have ever since served under the Catholic Kings of Spain, whence they derive their descent, and where they have ever since been considered and distinguished by the monarchs of that country, and by their councils of state and war, for what they have done and suffered for the Catholic cause, and their adherence to that crown before and since their expulsion from Ireland.

And tho' this family has been for this cause degraded and stript of their honour and fortune by the laws of England in Ireland; yet this noble gentleman did several times offer his service by Sir William Godolphin, the English ambassador in Spain to his present Majestie, when Duke of York and at Brussels, and assured him he was ready to sacrifice his life for his service, whenever he should be pleased to make use of him.

He was also one of the first from Spain, that congratulated his Majesty's accession to the throne. I do not mention this as if he made it a merit, or valued himself upon it; but only to shew that, notwithstanding the ruin and desolation of his family, he always endeavoured to shew all the duty, fidelity zeal, and affection that a good subject owes his Prince.

To prove more particularly his strong inclinations for his Majestic's interest, he hired a ship in Lisbon, to go for Ireland in 1690, carrying with him among others father Hues a Jesuite, who was sent by his Majesty on some commission to the king of

Portugal: and landed at Cork four days after the battle of the Boyne; where he found all people in so great a fright and consternation, that if he had not an extraordinary zeal for the service, he must have immediately returned for Spain.

Next day he went to Kinsale to kiss the king's hand, who was on board a man-of-war, commanded by Monsieur du Quesne; where his Majesty received him very graciously with a great deal of bounty, and told him "that the posture of affairs since the battle, and his sudden and unexpected voyage for France, hindered him from giving him employment suitable to his merits, but that he would think of him, and send his orders thereupon to the Duke of Tyrconnell."

That evening he returned to Cork, where every minute arrived several officers, and persons of quality, that had quitted their estates, which then or soon after were in the enemy's power; amongst others came the Dutchess of Tyrconnell, to whom O'Donel paid his respects. Two or three days after Her Grace sent him word, that the Duke, her husband, was arrived at Limerick, and that the army was to be assembled there, whither she herself went the next day.

As soon as O'Donel's arrivall was known, his friends and relations flocked to him in great numbers at Cork, and on his way to Limerick, whither he hastened, and saluted the Duke and the rest of the general officers.

And as the army, very thin in number, and very ill-provided with arms, were assembling, they had an account that the enemy were upon their march with a resolution to besiege this city, and that in their way they had seized upon all the inland garrisons, so that the natives, who had resolved to shew their fidelity to the last, were obliged in Keerights to go into Connaght, where they had the Shannon for their defence, which with the sea surrounds that province, upon the banks of which stand the cities of Limerick and Athlone. Others of them fled into the mountains and marshes of Munster, in hopes of being secured by the garrisons of Cork, Limerick, and Kinsale, which yet held out for the king. Thus the natives affectionate to their country betooke themselves for refuge to those places, that it might appear they were resolved to the last to shew their zeal and loyalty, and never abandon his Majesty's interest.

The king's army wanted all necessaries, and there was no way to subsist or victual them, but by the contribution of cattell furnished by these natives retired beyond the Shannon and in the mountains of Munster; for which reason it was of the last importance to defend them from the incursions or insults of the enemy.

The General had but a small army and very ill equipped, and the victorious enemy just at the gate; so that he had no way left, but to desire the nobility and gentry to make their best efforts for raising all the men they could, and see whether the reputation of their numbers might contribute to their common security, till the issue of the siege expected every hour should be known.

Upon this occasion he sent for O'Donel, and told him he found by what he had heard that he was a person of great credit and authority in his country, and if he could raise 3 or 4000 men to cover the passes of the river Shannon to hinder the enemies incursions into Connaght from Ulster and Leinster which borders on that river, it would be the greatest and most important service he could do the public; that he would give the king an account of it; and in the mean time would give him such a commission, as was in his power till he should get one from his MAJESTY more to his satisfaction.

He answered that he was come for no other end, but to offer his life a sacrifice for the king's service, without pretending to any other employment than what his MAJESTY or his Lord Lieutenant should judge most proper for the execution of this his intention; And pursuant therunto he would use all possible diligence to do what his EXCELLENCY proposed; but desired his leave to propose three things to him. First that he would order commissions for those he should raise, to be on the same foot with the rest of the army, and the rather that this favour would cost the king nothing, that his men would be the better kept under discipline, and also that their leaders would be content with this honour, which would be a spur to them to outface all dangers they should hereafter meet in his MAJESTIES service.

The second, what measures he would prescribe for raising the men, and what means he proposed for subsisting them.

The third, that he would give him an order in writing of the numbers he would have raised, to what place he should afterwards march, and whom he was to obey.

His excellency answered, that as for the means of subsisting, the king had none, even for the army already on foot, but what the country should furnish, and that there could be no other measures prescribed, but to govern himself in the most prudent manner he was able, till the arrivall of succours from France, when he should be considered and assisted as their merits should deserve, and the times would permit.

That as for the commissions he would order them to be dispatched, and as the corps should be made he would send them signed with a blank for him to fill up and dispose of; as for numbers, tho' he had named 3 or 4000, he should be glad to have them 15,000, and that they should be under the command of the Majors and Lieutenant-Generals of the army: for all which he had his orders in writing.

With this order O'DONEL went away ranging the country all over in less than a month; and raised and formed in the place appointed him, near 10,000 men in 13 Regiments of foot and 2 of dragoons, all good men, but without arms and undisciplined: and yet notwithstanding, they did that campaign all the service proposed, in hindering the enemies from making any incursions over the Shannon.

In the mean time the enemy came, and sat down before Limerick: Upon which there arose great debates and different opinions, whether the town should be defended or surrendered, together with the rest of the kingdom upon advantageous terms for the people; but at last, after many warm disputes, the defence was resolved. This contestation occasioned great heats and animosities in the army; some part marching into the town, whilst the General with other chiefs officers and some troops retired towards Gallway where a squadron of his Most Christian Majesty's ships lay ready.

The enemy, after severall assaults and great loss, raised the siege and drew off, leaving all passages to the town and country open. As soon as the Duke of Tyrconnell received the news, he declared he would go into France, to give an account of the state of the kingdom, and sollicite for succours, but these who had been all along for defending the place, and some others not well inclined to the Duke, were much displeased with his resolution.

They had no mind His Excellency should appropriate to himself the glory of an action he was against, or attribute to his own conduct the raising of a siege, in the danger of which he refused to participate. So that the chiefs of this faction had so much power over the rest, as to make them joyn in a deputation from the whole kingdom to his Majesty.

The Duke consented to what he could not hinder. But the conduct of O'Donel on this occasion was very remarkable, and deserves your particular attention: He was not ignorant of the misunderstandings which were in the army before his coming into the kingdom, and yet he would have no hand in it, nor in any other matter, but the execution of the orders given him for his Majesty's service.

Notwithstanding the moderation and fidelity of this his conduct, and the great service he had done, he could not escape the censure industriously spread about of being a spy to the house of Austria, as the Duke wrote to the king, adding that he would carry him with him in chains, as he would certainly have done, if some had not dissuaded him from it, and in particular the Duke of Lauzun, apprehending the ill consequence that might follow in the army, by the good opinion they had of him, and the numerous friends and relations he had in it.

O'Donel had notice of this design, and of the danger of that journey, before he came to Gallway: But despising the advice in confidence that his innocence and the sincerity of his proceedings would make him get the better of his enemies; he went directly to his Excellency, who received him with great civility, and made him a thousand protestations of acknowledgements and friendships, promising he would recommend him to the king; so that he need not doubt being remembered and considered by his Majesty, as he had great services and merits had deserved.

After he humbly thanked his Excellency for the honour he did him, he prayed him to give the commissions for the officers of that body he had raised; alledging that since he gave them no pay, he might easily do this, which he had promised, and which was no charge to the king: besides that he thought this was a debt due to them, for executing the orders he had given him, and that besides he had promised by his Excellency's command that they should be established and confirmed: that by this means they would be content and always ready to serve his Majesty on all occasions. But neither by this remonstrance, nor several others that he made, could he obtaine what had been before promised; nor get other answer, but that he should presently disband and disperse the men: and leaving matters thus he embarked for France, empowering the Duke of Berwick to act in the mean time as his Deputy.

This news coming to the ears of the troops raised by O'Donel put them into a great rage; but he having appeased them for the present, promised further to go to Limerick to the Duke of Berwick, from whom he expected better success than he had with the Duke of Tyrconnell.

To keep his word, and because he judged it to be really for the king's service, he went to Limerick, where he found himselfe as unsuccessful as he had been at Gallway: the Duke of Tyrconnell having without doubt left orders with the Duke of Berwick not to grant his desire. But making use of the Lord Lucan's intercession his grace condescended to give him commissions for nine Regiments.

With those dispatches, and the hopes he gave them that the rest would be obtained next campaign, he allayed the discontents of his partie, persuading them they ought to be satisfied with what they had got in the present juncture of affaires, and therefore always to be ready to act on all occasions that should offer for the king's service.

In compliance with this advice they all returned to their keeri-
 apts: and it is notorious, that during all that winter they were treated by some of the army, as severely as if they had been enemies. For these not contenting themselves with taking away the poor people's cattle, the only means they had to subsist, they also took away the lives of many that endeavoured to defend themselves from such violence. It is not to be doubted, but that the general necessity all were in occasioned several disorders; but the circumstances of pitching upon some, and passing by others, shewed rather a premeditated and malicious design, than any necessity, or want of discipline; especially when I tell you that this was done by armed parties, with their respective officers at the head of them; who never made the least show of punishing, or even blaming the transgressors; notwithstanding all the remonstrances made by O'Donel to the superior officers.

In this manner the winter was passed over and part of spring, till the Duke of Tyrconnell returned from France; from whence were sent Monsieur de Saint Ruth and other officers by his Most Christian Majesty, with the succours, for that time resolved on, of arms, clothes, provision, and ammunition. Not long after the Deputies sent to Saint Germain by the defenders of Limerick returned very much dissatisfied with their reception. For the Duke was not only applauded for the good success of the siege, but was also allowed to make the distributions of the succours, as he should think fit; which so sowed the ill blood this faction had before, that they conspired against him anew, and never left off till they forced him to quitt the army, and leave the absolute command of it to Monsieur de Saint Ruth.

Upon the Duke of Tyrconnell's return from France, O'DONEL found, notwithstanding all his mighty professions of kindness at parting, that he had been just as obliging to him in that kingdom, as he had been before in Ireland; for instead of bringing him a commission for Major-General, which the King told several yet living he should send him, he prevailed it should but be for a Brigadier. This personall injury and contempt, O'DONEL easily past over, not doubting but his future services would seem to give a better impression, and after his MAJESTY'S opinion to his advantage. But he could not without great resentment hear his Excellency's refusing him clothes and arms for his men; because this was infinitely a greater disservice to the King, than

either this or the other could be to himself. But Monsieur de Saint Ruth of his own authority, and in a manner by force, gave him 500 coats, 50 muskets, and 400 swords of different sortes and sizes, which had been taken in the expedition of Savoy.

Having resolved to form a camp, O'DONEL was commanded to Jamestown on the Shannon with his Brigade, where there were several passes to be guarded, to cover the country on that side, and defend it from the enemies incursions from Ulster, which there borders upon Connaght.

At the end of June the enemy sat down before Athlone, a town situated, as I said before, on the brink of the Shannon; and on the second of July took it by assault, and passed the river with their whole army, which obliged ours, encamped without the walls, to retire to Aghrim.

By this means those who were to guard the other passes on the river below Athlone, were made useless; and a great part of the province was exposed; for which reason O'DONEL was commanded to retire with his troops farther into the country; and to order his march so secretly, that his men, as well as the Keerights, sheltered under his wing, might be defended from the insults of the enemy, which he speedily executed, and drew up his men not far from our army on the same line, taking care on all sides to secure the natives with their flocks or herds in the mountains, woods, and marshes.

The ninth of July O'DONEL went to the camp, after he had been at Gallway, to see the condition it was in, and offered to reinforce that garrison with a sufficient number of his men, which they refused to receive; he also entreated Monsieur de Saint Ruth, in case they came to a battle, to give him leave to engage in it, either alone or with his Brigade, that he might share in the same fate as his countrymen were to run. To which he made answer, that it was more to the king's service to preserve his faithful subjects, that enabled the army to subsist, than to joyn in the battle, of the good success whereof, with the assistance of God, he did not doubt, in case the enemy should oblige him to fight.

The tenth he returned with an order to burn or garrison at his discretion all the strong houses, or castles he should think fit; and retire further into the country, because they had news the enemies were on their march; and tho' he represented he had but two barrels of powder, four barrels of ball, and half a quintal of match, yet he could not get more; but was promised that orders should be sent to the governor of Galway to furnish him.

On the eleventh the enemy's advance-guard appeared. And the next day was fought the unlucky battle, of which O'Donel had an account the 13th, and on the 12th received a letter from Lieutenant-General Lucan with the news of St. Ruth's death, commanding him, in pursuance of the order he had before, to endeavour to defend these poor people, with their cattle, till God should open a way for his joyning the army, which at this time was impracticable, because of the distance, and the present fright all were in, and the enemies lying between them.

This news putt them all into the greatest consternation imaginable, for looking upon themselves as already sacrificed, it was impossible for O'Donel to hinder them, and therefore he permitted them to go away with their Keerights to the most remote mountains, which they did in such numbers, that it was feared the beasts would dye for want of pasture, and by consequence, the men for want of sustenance, having nothing else to live on but the cattle.

But, notwithstanding this great confusion, O'Donel kept with himself about 1000 men, of the best armed, and three officers of every regiment, to carry orders to the rest, as the motion of the enemy and occasion should require.

With this handful of men he seized Belconge [the town of Cong], a place naturally strong, and which lay so, that on one side it covered the natives, and on the other hindered the incursions of the enemy, who could not march a detachment strong enough to enter far into the country, and leave behind them a post they were unable to force.

The enemy, after the battle, marched directly to Gallway, it being the common fame, that those within, having much to lose, had, immediately after the battle, secretly agreed to surrender the place, on the same conditions that afterwards were

stipulated by capitulation. Altho' it be past doubt, from a thousand reasons and circumstances, that all the town could do, was to secure themselves against an assault, and afterwards capitulate with some advantage, as it did.

On the 17th O'Donel received a letter from the Governor, Monsieur d'Usson, desiring him to come into the town with all the armed men he could get together, tho' but ten dayes before, the offer he made of carrying his men into the town was refused, upon pretence they wanted no addition to those already within, who by this time the Governor found useless, stiling them Roperies, without honouring them with the title of soldiers.

That very day the enemy had seized upon all the posts, and settled their quarters round the place; and on the north side had stopped up all the passages, so that there was no way left, but to carry in the succours on Yerherconnaght, nor Jarconnaght, or [West Connaght] side, of which it did not seem likely the enemy could so soon make themselves masters, because it was fronted with a deep river, and on the sides with the sea, and a great lake.

As soon as he had received Monsieur d'Usson's orders, he communicated it to the chiefs of his Brigade; to the end they might gather their men together, whers they were preservering the Keerights, and that they might march the shortest way with all possible diligence, and meet him on Yerherconnaght side, on the mountains, which are within three or four miles to Galloway. He himself marching on the eighteenth, in the morning, with the small number he had with him at Belcong, embarquing himself on the lake with some officers, to discover if possible the situation of the enemies camp, and what condition the garrison was in before the arrivall of his men at the place of rendezvous.

That very night he arrived at O'Flaherty's house, on the further side of the lake, and about midnight, with six men, went away for Galloway, to inform himself fully, and receive the necessary orders, beleiving the passage of Yerherconnaght was still free, it being not yet four days since the enemy came within sight of the town.

At break of day he went down from the mountain within 2 or 3 miles of the city, where he met the advance-guard of the enemy, from whom he understood that they had seized upon that passage the day before without much resistance. And that there was a body of 5000 men to hinder O'Donel from bringing into the town any of the troops under his command. Upon this news he retired to the top of the mountain, where he discovered the enemy, that had possessed themselves of that post. And immediately returned to O'Flaherty's house, where he was told the place had actually begun to capitulate, and that all the country people were retiring in great confusion to the mountains further within the country, save a few who had received protection from Generall Ginkel.

But notwithstanding this generall consternation he stayed thereabouts till he got together those of his brigade, that were on their march, who arrived the 20th, and the rest three or four days after. The place having capitulated to surrender if it was not succoured within a few dayes, O'Donel presumed, that the scattered remains of our broken army would come together and endeavour to succour the town: for which reason, and to give those who were dispersed up and down the country time to retire further from the enemy; he continued upon the mountains nearest the enemy's camp, till the place was given up, and they were marched away to Lymerrick.

At the same time he began his march towards the middle of the province, where the great necessity and danger occasioned the continual consternation of the inhabitants; as first the losse of Athlone, next the battle of Aughrim; and lastly the surrender of Galloway, which forced them all to retreat to the most remote parts of the country; inasmuch that two parts of the province were become deserts, which was the occasion of many great inconveniencies.

In the first place the Protestants, who before the warr were possessed of the land, returned to their habitations in great numbers, to repair the ruines of their houses, which wee had abandoned. And having served in the enemy's army, they came back with their friends and servants, very well armed, and provided not only to defend themselves, but also to make incursions upon the Irish. And in this condition they reestablished them-

selves in the countyes of Leitirm, Roscommon, Galloway, and the hither part of Mayo.

In the second place, the garrison of Galloway was in a circumstance to furnish them with victualls. And on the other side, the enemies in Ulster had nothing to hinder them from coming into Connaght, except a small fort made of earth at Sligo, where there were two regiments of foot in garrison both ill armed and unprovided of all things necessary to hold out against a blockade of eight dayes.

In the third place, and which was the worst of all, the natives who were fled into the mountains, bogges, and woods (as before said) were reduced to a miserable condition for want of pasture for their cattle: for having been closed up there for a whole month together, they must necessarily separate, or be inevitably famished.

O'Donel considering all these inconveniencies, and how to remedy them the best he could, began his march, as I told you before, from the neighbourhood of Galloway towards the place he judged most proper, to make a kind of frontier between him and the enemy, and to give more room to the natives keerights to spread and feed their flocks and herds.

Whilst he was thus busied, a letter was brought him from Generall Ginkel: the substance of which was, that tho' the happy success of the king his master's army had no need of any other means to overcome his enemies than the glorious course of his victory, yet notwithstanding he was very desirous to come to an agreement with him, for no other consideration but his having been formerly in the service of his CATHOLIC MAJESTY, one of his master's cheefe allies. And that it was against his inclination to force a man of honour to turn bandit on the mountains, where he must at last infallibly perish; and to make his words good, tho' he knew of the ill condition he was in, he would however grant him any reasonable terms he could desire; and at the same time gave his orders, that no act of hostility should be committed on the frontiers till the treatie were agreed on, and desired he would do the same on his side.

Altho' he returned no answer to this letter at that time, yet he was glad of this overture, which by the suspension of arms gave him greater liberty to regulate his affaires, and to wait for and see what would become of the hopes given him of extraordinary succours from France.

It is most certain that nothing but his will, and not his reason, could persuade any man but of slender judgement to take such a resolution; since he wanted all things, of which the very smallest for common use, as well as the greater and more necessary provisions for carrying on a war must all come from that kingdom.

For the country was waste, the land untilld, and the cattle, the only subsistence of the army and the natives, extremely diminished by reason of their continual consumption. And what yet was worse, and which no human means could remedy; in a country where there was no strong place, nor a superior army to be master of the field, the natives must of necessity still wander about from one place to another, without cultivating or plowing the ground. And besides the uncertainty of their abode, in case any should venture upon that work, there was danger that the first comer, if stronger, should make himself master of all, as if it were his own: the necessity being already so great, and this abuse or injustice not to be prevented, that they were daily obliged amongst themselves to come to blows to defend what was their own from the violence and invasions of others.

Next day O'Donel resolved with 50 dragoons and about a dozen of officers to advance to discover the situation of affaires, and came that night to a strong house, called Castlebar, where his brother lay with 80 musketeers. He was hardly laid down to rest, when he heard a great noise and outcry in the street, and asking what was the matter? was informed, that the English in great numbers were come down from the upper part of the province, and plundered all the country 20 miles round, where the keerights had extended themselves for the convenience of pasture; and that they had carried away above 2000 head of cattle, which must be the ruin and death of the poor owners, who had no other subsistence for themselves and their children.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT).

THE RAPFAREE.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH. BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER I.

A HAPPY FIRESIDE, WITH A MARRIAGE IN THE DISTANCE.

In the year of grace sixteen hundred and ninety-six, there lived not far from the northern base of Slievegullion mountain a very wealthy farmer named Callan, who was father to one daughter named Rose, his eldest child, and three sons, none of whom had grown beyond boyhood. This man held a farm of two hundred and sixty acres of excellent land, at a very light rent, and lived in rude abundance and comfort. We must admit, however, that if it were not for a certain compact into which he had entered with a man whose reputation at that time had become known throughout Europe, it would be impossible for us to say that he could have lived under anything like a sense of security so far as his property, at least, was concerned. Of this, however, more hereafter. This farmer, by name Brian Callan, was laborious, simple-hearted, and honest; an affectionate husband, a fond father, and an obliging neighbour. His wife was a Duffy, and on the surface of this earth there breathed not a woman gifted with more of those virtues which adorn and shed their pure and holy lustre upon domestic life. Honesty, charity, simplicity, piety, and affection, all mingled and supported each other in her character, and made her name a household word of praise for many a mile around her happy dwelling. We will not fatigue our readers with an elaborate description of their daughter Rose. There are plenty of such descriptions in the novels, although you could not probably find one of them suitable to her. She was about the middle size, had rich, dark auburn hair, was exquisitely shaped, had a sweet oval face, a beautiful mouth, and soft, dark, mellow eyes; and there, as to figure and beauty, is all we will or can say concerning her person. In a moral point of view, there was about her a charm of artlessness that was fascinating, to which, however, was added a fund of good sense and spirit that excited respect from all who knew her,—a proof, besides, that she possessed no ordinary degree of firm principle and stability of character. She was at this period of our story only nineteen.

Not far from her father's house lived another family named M'Mahon, belonging to the great stock of the M'Mahons of Monaghan. They also were wealthy; for like the family of the Callans, of whom we write, they had kept themselves aloof from the disturbances of the preceding times, and each consequently bore a character of inoffensive peacefulness and industry. Art M'Mahon had three sons, two of whom were already married and comfortably settled in their own houses. His youngest son, Con, who still lived with him, was unmarried; and as it was then customary among his class, he was the individual into whose hands his father's farm should descend at his death. Con M'Mahon then was, at the period when our narrative commences, the betrothed,

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and need we say, the accepted lover of Rose Callan, generally known, in consequence of her extraordinary beauty, as "the Fair Rose of Lisbuy—" Lisbuy signifying the Yellow Fort, so called from the fact of its sides being overgrown with broom; and from this Fort, or Forth, as it is termed by the people, the whole townland had its name.

It has been observed for centuries, and is, we believe, true to the present day, that of all the clans or septs of the Irish people, the M'Mahons, both men and women, stand unrivalled for personal beauty. Nobody can say that they ever saw a M'Mahon ill-shaped or ugly—at least we ourselves never did, although we have seen as many of them as most people living. Con M'Mahon was no exception to this general rule; for, indeed, it would be a difficult thing to see a finer-looking or handsomer young fellow in his native barony.

Those two families were at this time very happy. The arrangement for the marriage of the "Fair Rose of Lisbuy" and young Con M'Mahon had been completed, and nothing now remained but the ordinary preparations for that happy event.

The state of Ireland at this time, though not marked by the dreadful convulsions which had wasted and distracted it not long before, was still far from being peaceful or settled. Property was very unsafe; for although the turbulent outrages that had spread about desolation upon a more fearful scale had somewhat diminished, still there were too many of those violent and lawless spirits abroad to allow the peaceable and quiet, especially if they possessed wealth or property, to sleep in their beds with anything like a sense of security.

Not very far from Lisbuy lived a family named Johnston, who were then claiming some property which had been forfeited by the O'Hanlons of Tandragee, a Catholic family who had fought under James's banner at the battle of the Boyne, where several of them fell in that unsuccessful struggle. This family was a branch of the celebrated Johnstons of the Fews—Protestants of great energy and spirit, and who had very much distinguished themselves in suppressing the outrages which even then disturbed that part of the country. A young man belonging to the branch we have alluded to, and who held a commission in the king's army, was at that time residing with a detachment of his regiment, which was then lying in the barracks of Armagh. This young soldier, with the exception of an occasional chase after the Rapparees, had never been engaged in actual service. He was, however, of loose and licentious principles, and spent a good deal of his time in profligacy or debauchery of the worst description. Whilst lying in Armagh with his party, he was in the habit of riding frequently to his father's house, and at the same time reconnoitring the country for his victims. Every army, in every age and country, has produced men of this detestable character; and indeed in any army or in any country it would be difficult to find a more unscrupulous villain than young William Lucas. God had endowed him with certain high gifts, which

he prostituted to the basest and most profligate purposes. Being handsome, accomplished, and wealthy, though said to be deficient in courage, he concentrated all these advantages to that which we have stated to be the great and immoral object of his life—reckless sensuality.

Upon one of his usual excursions to his father's house, it so happened that he caught a glance of Rose Callan, whom he immediately marked down as his victim. His visits home now became very frequent; but not satisfied with this, he occasionally procured leave of absence for a week or fortnight under various pretences. His usual amusement was shooting, by which he was enabled to traverse the country and enter the farmers' or cotters' houses, for the purpose, as the unsuspecting people thought, of asking a drink, or obtaining some other refreshment. Among others he soon made a point to pay a visit of this kind to the family of Brian Callan. It is not our intention to offend the taste of our readers by attempting to detail the arts and ingenious devices with which he attempted to destroy the character of the pure Rose of Lisbny. It is sufficient to say that they were all exercised in vain. The girl was virtuous, and what was still more against him, imbued with a deep sense of piety and religion. She saw his object, and in spite of his easy and fascinating manners, she not only despised, but abhorred and detested him. On the last visit which, in his character of a sportsman, he ever paid at her father's house, after having received a drink of milk, he significantly handed her five pounds, as a reward, he said, for her hospitality. This she refused, adding:

"The poorest beggar, sir, that enters under our roof, would receive the same kindness. Take back your money!"

"Not at all," said he; "I could not think of it. Nothing could give me more pleasure than making such presents to so beautiful a girl as you are."

"I will receive no presents from you, sir," she replied indignantly; "and now that I am alone in my father's house, it is dishonourable in you to offer them."

He then proceeded to approach her. "Keep your distance, sir," said she; "don't approach me!"

He still continued, however, to draw near, when she flew to a little cupboard that hung against the wall, and seizing an Irish skean, she took God to witness, that if he laid a hand upon her she would plunge it in his heart. As she uttered the words, he saw there was that about her which could not for a moment be misunderstood. Her fine person became strung, as it were, into intense vigour—her dark eyes gleamed with resolution, and the natural crimson of her cheek deepened with indignation. Lucas paused, and felt that he never admired her so much.

"Why, my dear girl," said he, "this is a mere waste of anger, but indeed you look so beautiful in your indignation, that it is almost a pity you should ever look otherwise. It is not every day that a gentleman of my wealth and rank happens to fall in love with a girl in your station of life; yet so it is."

"Begone sir," she replied; "begone, and take your

money with you, and let this be your last visit to my father's house."

"Well, well," said he, "I will take up the money, but you will change your mind I hope. Good bye, my beautiful girl; think of me as one who is anxious to be your friend, if you would allow him, and who would place you in a far different——"

He had gone outside the door, where he stood while uttering the words; ere he could proceed further, however, in the vile proposal he was about to insinuate, she slapped the door indignantly in his face, and having secured it inside, she sat down and gave way to a burst of bitter tears.

"What a beautiful creature she is!" he exclaimed to himself, "I have seen nothing like her so for——and the truth is, I must have her by hook or by crook."

This was the first occasion on which he had found Rose Callan alone in her father's house, and the reader is now cognizant of the success with which he attempted to corrupt her principles.

It was one night in the month of November, about six week after this event, in the year above mentioned, that Brian Callan was sitting at his comfortable hearth chatting happily with his children, his labouring servants, and a few of the neighbouring peasantry, who had come, as the phrase is, to make their *kealtye* with him for an hour or two. Rose was at her distaff, inside the jamb, spinning flax, an occupation which at that time was not common even in Ireland; her mother was grinding oats in a quern, or handmill, which was placed on a quilt spread over the kitchen floor, to prevent the meal from being wasted. Rose's dark auburn hair was bound by a ribbon that went round her head, but did not prevent it from falling in rich natural ringlets about her snowy white shoulders. The chimney was well lined with fat smoke-dried bacon, and hung beef, and the whole house had an air of great warmth, comfort, and cleanliness. A blazing fire of turf was down, which threw its rich and mellow light throughout the whole kitchen. Rose, however, did not seem to take a very particular interest in their conversation, but seemed somewhat abstracted, if not anxious, for it might be observed that she paused as if to listen from time to time, and if a noise happened to be heard, especially near the door, she would start, and her eyes would brighten for a moment. On finding that there was nothing in it, however, she would resume her spinning, and seem somewhat cast down or disappointed.

"Come," said her father to his eldest son, a fine manly boy of thirteen, "come Owen, tell us a story,"—for Owen, like many a boy of his age, was not only fond of stories, but a famous story-teller himself; in fact, quite a young Senachie.

"Come, Owen avillish, will you give us a story?" they all exclaimed, "you're the beauty of the world at it."

"Bedad I dunna what to tell," said Owen, exceedingly proud at the time, in consequence of being selected to amuse the company; "I have none, sure."

"Oh, that indeed," exclaimed Shamus Oew, (James

the son of Hugh) and you can bate Tom Gressy, (the shoemaker) right and left."

"Well," said Owen, with the face of a lad who seemed demurely conscious of his own talents, "I'll try and do my best, and you all know the best can do no more."

"True enough, abouchal," said Shamus, "but at any rate make a beginnin', for you know what's well begun is half ended."

"Well—hem," commenced Owen, clearing his throat. "There was a widow woman once, and she had three sons; they were all very poor, but it was their own fault. The eldest was idle and undutiful, and wouldn't do anything towards their support; the second was as idle and undutiful as he was, and as lazy as Harry Harvey, that could never be got to take his shirt off to let it be washed; the only one that ever did any thing for the family was the third and youngest of them all, and if it hadn't been for him and his mother, they'd all starve. At last one mornin' the eldest says to his mother, 'Mother, bake me a bannock, and roast me a collop, till I go and pitch (seek) my fortune;' so his mother baked him a bannock and roasted him a collop, that he might go and pitch his fortune. Well, when the bannock was baked, and he ready to start, his mother, takin' it up, says to him, 'Now, whether will you have the *half* of this with my blessin', or the *whole* of it with my curse?' 'Indeed mother,' says he, 'the whole of it is little enough, I think, for it's a short way the half of it would take me; as for the curse, I'll take the whole of the bannock and it together.' Well, his mother gave him the whole of the bannock sure enough, but she stood on the thrashil of the door, and cursed him till he got out o' sight. Well, he went on far farther than I can tell, till he came to a——"

Here the latch of the kitchen door was raised, and the next minute young Con M'Mahon made his appearance, accompanied by his father and his two brothers; and ah, my dear reader, maybe the eyes of the Rose of Lisbuy did not flash and glisten, and her pure but loving heart palpitate with ecstasy when she saw her lover and heard his voice. Her cheeks glowed with a blush of joy and happiness which she could not repress, and the distaff became unmanageable in her hands.

God save all here!—welcome and social words—and God save you kindly! soon passed between them. In a moment the company about the fire rose up in order that new arrangements for places and accommodation might be made. The semicircle about the hearth was extended; other seats were drawn in; they once more sat down; each, of course, comfortable; but there was one place unanimously allowed and reserved for the lover—and that was his usual one—on the hob immediately behind Rose's chair. There was nothing in this to offend Rose's delicacy. Every thing with respect to their forthcoming marriage was known throughout the parish, and his father and brothers accompanied him for the purpose of settling the day for their wedding. After some chat between the seniors present, and a low, tender dialogue between Con and Rose, old M'Mahon at last left his seat, and going behind the jamb, returned with a jar of spirits, because, be it known to our

readers, that no negotiation of this kind ever takes place without whiskey, which, by the way, is uniformly provided by the bridegroom and his relatives. On this occasion we need not say that it added very much to the harmony and hilarity of those who were assembled, especially upon an occasion in itself naturally festive. The conversation was enlivened by mirth and laughter, and every one, especially the youngsters, looked forward to the day of the wedding with a sense of exuberant delight which they could not restrain. At length the whiskey began to circulate, and the conversation, after bearing on many indifferent topics, began to turn towards the occasion on which they were assembled: this was simply to appoint the day on which the young couple should be married and made happy. Some one suggested, from a motive of comic malice, that the marriage should take place on a Sunday; but this was received with a clamour of indignation that soon put an end to such a disagreeable and unnational project. Every one knew, they said, that they would have Sunday whether they were married or not, and that such an arrangement would deprive them of the benefit of a holiday during the week; besides, did not all the world know that Sunday marriages were never lucky. No, no, they would not stand *that*: and the arrangement took place accordingly. There is indeed such a prejudice against marriages on the Sabbath, and some unfounded superstition exists against them, and on this account very few marriages ever do take place upon that day. And indeed we may remark here, that the prejudice we speak of prevails as much in high life as it does among the humbler classes. Be this as it may, the healths of the young pair were drank with all the warmth and enthusiasm peculiar to our national character. Other healths also went round; hands were grasped in cordiality and friendship, and the evening closed with a short encomium: first, on the excellent qualities and many virtues of Rose Callen by her affectionate and admiring father.

"She is," said he, whilst the tears stood in his eyes, "she is—but where's the use of me sayin' what she is? Doesn't every one know it? There she sits; the girl that never gave one of us a sore heart, nor ever waunst disturbed even our temper. It is not the fortune that you'll get along wid her, Con M'Mahon, for I think nothing of that, and I'm sure you don't either."

"No Brian, not the value of a grain of chaff," replied her generous young lover.

"No, I knew you didn't," continued her father—"but you will have a fortune and what's worth a thousand fortunes besides, and that is the blessin' of God, and a pure and lovin' heart that will make you contented and happy, even if you had only the black wather and the dry potatoes between you. In the meantime, you won't be brought to that, I trust. You're both goin' together with comfortable manes, and the free consent of your parents and friends on both sides, and may God grant you both—as I'm sure he will—happiness and health and comfort during your lives!"

Old M'Mahon rose and grasped his hand, whilst he said—

"Every word, Brian, that has come from your lips is true, and we all know it to be so—and indeed he should be able to make a far look-out that could find a husband worthy of her. If any one is, I think my son Con comes near it—but indeed, even he isn't."

"What's that you say?" replied her father, rising up suddenly, "am I to understand you as layin' down to us, that your son Con there, isn't worthy of her?"

"Troth he's not," rejoined his father, "and I don't know the boy that is."

"*Honomandious* man, don't attempt to say such a thing at my fire-side. He is her fill of a husband—and fit to be a husband for a better girl than ever stood in her shoes—that is, if such a girl could be had."

"Troth an he isn't," persisted his father; "devil a boy in the Barony of Orior is worthy of her. Don't look angry, Brian. I know what I'm sayin', and I know the value of my son, as well as you do of your daughter—or may be better, for I don't think you know the full value of your daughter yet; but if you don't, I do, and I say there's not a man in the Barony of Orior worthy of her, nor in the five baronies next it, and that is more, I believe."

"Con M'Mahon, I'd contradict you if it was the last word in my death rattle. I say, your son—sitting there before us is—and I say, if you hadn't the whiskey in your head you wouldn't deny it,—and indeed, between you and me, it's not a very fatherly thing for you to do—I know the value of my daughter well."

"I deny that too," replied old M'Mahon; "I deny it; I say you don't know half her value."

"Why *corpandious* man alive, who has a better right to know it so well—barrin indeed her mother—well then"—

"Ay is there—another—that knows it better than either of you."

"Well, may be so," returned Callan, partly in a tone of irony, and partly in one of amazement at the mystery involved in M'Mahon's extraordinary line of argument; "but who might that other person be?"

"Why then, I'll tell you; that young Cornet Lucas,—but nothing, thank goodness, to the Lucases of Castle-shane—"

Rose's father paused, looked about him, then at his daughter, whose whole neck and countenance became instantly overspread with a deep and burning blush. His eye rested on her for a moment. Why did she blush?—here was mystery—perhaps disgrace. His veins became tremulous with agitation, and his features the colour of death. He hemmed two or three times in order to recover his breath and his voice, for both for a space had left him.

"Con M'Mahon," said he, "what is the meaning of this? My child's name is as pure as her own heart, as the snow from Heaven; beware of castin' a stain upon it, for I am, as you know me, something like yourself when I'm vexed—a dangerous man; and what I might overlook in my own case, I neither could nor will in her's.

Spake out, or if you don't, I'll make you, before ever you put your head from under this roof. My child is my life, and dearer to me than it is."

"It's a terrible disclosure I have to make," replied M'Mahon, solemnly; "and as I know it may be the means of great distress to some one, I don't care if I take another glass of whiskey before I spake out."

"The whiskey is your own," replied Callan, "and as you have been givin' it round all the night, help yourself."

These words he uttered with a voice that was hoarse and deeply agitated.

"Well," said the other, rather coolly, filling a glass for himself at the same time, "here's all our healths, and that we may get well out of it—only in the meantime I wish that a person I was spakin' to a few days ago was here now, that he might bear witness to the charge I'm goin to make against—against—against who?—why, *honomandious* man, against your daughter!"

A silence like that of death followed these words for more than a minute. The whole company seemed to be thunderstruck. Rose's mother got up and was about to approach M'Mahon with all the indignation of a mother in her eyes, when the kitchen door opened, and a lame man, in the garb of a beggar, entered the kitchen. The moment M'Mahon saw him he started up, exclaiming—

"God is good and just; and the very man I wished to see at this moment is here. Patchy Baccal, although I'm not under my own roof, still I'll bid you welcome. Here, man," he added, filling him a glass of spirits—"try this, and tell me first what you think of it. After that we want to have your opinion upon a certain subject that we wor just talkin about, and if I don't mistake, you can throw some light upon it."

Patchy, who was called *Baccal*, in consequence of his lameness, took the glass, and was about to drink it, when Brian Callan interrupted him.

"Patchy," said he, "Con M'Mahon has bid you welcome under my roof; but before you drink that glass I wish to say that I and more bid you welcome as heartily as he did; get a sate for Patchy there, and let him sit down."

"Many thanks to you both, gentlemen," said Patchy, taking the seat which one of the youngsters had reached him. "Many thanks to you both, and health and happiness to all of us! What I think of it, Con M'Mahon! Oh then, death-alive, what could any one think of it that tastes it, barrin that one glass of it deserves another to the end of the chapter."

"Well, Patchy," replied M'Mahon, taking him at his word, for the hint was so well given that it was impossible to refuse him, "you must have another; sure they'll keep one another company, and be neighbourly where they're gone to."

Patchy having finished the second glass, and taken a view of those about him, saw at once that they appeared gloomy and evidently disturbed. He said nothing, however, but resolved to watch the event of this agitated state of feeling, whatever it might be.

Rose's mother, however, now that this little incident had passed, approached M'Mahon, whom her husband was also approaching, but she put him aside.

"Come, now," said she, "what charge, Con M'Mahon, have you to make against our daughter?"

"Why, not much," he replied; "nothing to signify, barring to receive private visits from young Cornet Lucas undher your own roof—undher this very roof."

"Father," said her lover, getting up, "whoever told you that is a liar—it is as false as hell—as false as the lying tongue and the black heart of the scoundrel you speak of."

Rose, seizing him by the arm, whispered to him to sit down, and to keep himself calm. "Don't be alarmed," she added, "about me; let them finish the subject among them, after that trust to me—to *your own* Rose."

As if overcome by the wand of an enchanter, he immediately sat down, his dark mellow eye beaming upon her with pride, love, and confidence, which no charge or slander could shake.

"I agree wid your son," said her father, stepping before his wife; "the thing is a lie; he never had a private meetin' wid her undher this roof, nor anywhere else."

"I think you had better ask herself," said the Baccach.

"Right, Patchy," said her father. "Come, Rose," he added, turning triumphantly to his daughter, "is this true? Had you ever a private meetin' wid young Cornet Lucas?"

"I had," she replied, smiling.

Her father and mother fell down suddenly on their seats and covered their faces with their hands; but her lover, on the contrary, remained calm and firm. Old M'Mahon also smiled, and after looking significantly at the Baccach, said:

"We must have another glass on the head of this."

It was evident, however, that when he spoke in the plural number he meant no other person than himself. Having taken the glass he proceeded:

"Now, Brian Callan, what do you say, or what can you say, of the daughter you praised so highly?"

"That she's truth and honesty, M'Mahon; and that she never had, wid her own consent, a private meetin' wid him; that he used to call here when he was out shootin' to get something to refresh him I grant; but then we were always present; and now, Con M'Mahon, lave my house, both yourself and—no, I was goin' to say your son, but I won't. No idle piece of falsehood or scandal will ever break down his love for my daughter; or if it does, then he's no longer worthy of her, and she'll have a good escape of him."

M'Mahon, after whispering a few moments with the Baccach, said:

"Well, Brian, I think we have gone far enough, maybe too far, but it is time to clear this business up. I told you that you didn't know half the good qualities of your daughter, and neither you do; but I have better authority ready to spake for her, and that's both an

eye-witness and an ear-witness. Come, Patchy, go to work, and set all right."

To the utter astonishment of Rose, Patchy commenced and gave to the whole company an accurate and detailed account of the last visit which young Lucas had paid to her father's house, not omitting the history of the proffered bribe, nor the more significant episode of the skean, and the equally significant purpose for which Rose had resorted to it, winding up all with the indignant resolution she had displayed in slapping the door in his face, and barring it immediately afterwards.

"Now!" exclaimed old M'Mahon, in triumph, "didn't I tell you, Brian, that you knew only half the value of your sweet girl. Come over, Rose, and kiss your father-in-law, darlin', for it's he that will be proud of you as his daughter."

Rose complied at once, and the old man embraced her with the most paternal tenderness, after which she returned to her seat.

In the meantime her father and mother felt their hearts divided between joy and surprise.

"Why, then, Rose!" exclaimed both parents, almost at the same moment, "why is it that you never mentioned a word of this to us?"

"Because," replied Rose, "I didn't wish to make either of you uneasy. I knew very well that I taught him a lesson he would not forget; and knowing as I did, from the treatment I gave him, that he would never pay another visit to this house, I thought it would only make you both unhappy to hear it, and that is the reason why I never mentioned it. But now, I must say, that I don't know, under heaven, how any one, barring him—the villain, and myself—could come to the knowledge of what passed between us; there was nobody present that I could see, and I don't think that he would be apt to mention it to anybody, in regard that it would only bring disgrace upon himself."

"Ha! ha! *ma coleen*," replied Patchy, "maybe your a little out there anyhow. Don't you know the little windy that's in the back o' the kitchen, and that was then half open. Maybe there wasn't a certain baccach peepin' in at the time, and that had both his eyes and his ears open to see and to hear all that passed; and maybe that same baccach hadn't a bit o' goods about him that would have put daylight through the villain if he had laid an improper finger upon you."

As he spoke he pulled out an excellent case of pistols, and handed them round to the company.

"It wasn't for nothing," he added, "that I got the same wound that made me a cripple for life; in the wars against Cromwell, the villain, where I got a skelp of a bullet in the hip that has lamed me for life. Oh, we had plenty of Rapparees then, that did good service. Give me a glass o' whiskey, till I drink their health; but mark me, I don't mane the Tories, although many people, in their ignorance, put them together, for the Tories rob and murder the Catholics as well as the Protestants whenever they can do it safely, the cowardly scoundrels. Thank you Con M'Mahon! Here then is the health of the glorious Rapparees."

He drank off the glass which old M'Mahon had handed him, after which the heroism of Rose—the fair Rose of Lisbuy—was next proposed, and, need we say, received with enthusiasm.

"Well," said Brian Callan, when this temporary excitement had settled down to something like sober conversation, "that I may never stir, Con M'Mahon, if you arn't the greatest schamer on the face of the airth; but sure we ought all to know you, you thief: sure it's as common as the church steeple that you can neither buy nor sell widout a joke."

"Very well," replied the old hoaxer—for, in fact, he was such, "very well, then, a merry heart is always a light one: or, on the other hand, a light heart is always a merry one; and in truth, in my opinion, one laugh is worth fifty crys any day. And now that every thing is settled, Brian, we'll be biddin' you and yours good night. The course of happiness is clear before the youngsters, and may God keep it so!"

There was one individual among them, however, who had paid a comparatively small degree of attention to the conversation which went forward. This person sat wrapped up, as it were, in himself, or in his exuberant imagination, watching an opening in the busy dialogues which intersected each other with such unbroken continuity. The person we allude to was the young senachie or storyteller, who now seeing that there was a lull in the conversation, as the neighbours were about to prepare for their departure, thought he might succeed in arresting their attention for a short time, until he could disburthen himself of his legend.

"Con M'Mahon," said he, "I was goin' to tell them a story when you came in, but now that there's time to hear it, I'll go on wid it.—hem! There was a widow woman once, and she had three sons——"

"Owen, my boy," said M'Mahon, "I'm afraid it's too late now to hear your story."

"Oh," replied Owen, "it's not a long one; you'll be time enough—hem. There was a widow woman once, and she had three sons——"

"Some other time, Owen *abouchal*," said M'Mahon, with a grave but droll face; "on the night of the weddin', man alive; keep it for the night o' the weddin'."

This jest of M'Mahon's produced, of course, an uproar of mirth, save and except on the part of the young couple, who kept considerably in the back ground. The strangers now took their departure, first having taken their *doch an durrush*, or parting cup, with the exception of Patchy Baccach, who was detained by Brian Callan for the night.

CHAPTER II.

THE ABDUCTION OF THE ROSE OF LISBUY.

It was usual, at the time in which the incidents of our story occurred, for the farmers of Ireland to allocate a place in the barns or other out-houses attached to their dwellings, in which their male servants, and sometimes their grown sons, should sleep. It was the custom then, and is, in many instances, to the present day.

On the night in question Brian Callan's young sons retired to the barn to sleep, accompanied by Patchy Baccach, who had a separate *shake-down* for himself. Young Owen, who was still full of his legend, and anxious to deliver himself of it, insisted on narrating it, but as his brothers had heard it a hundred times, they preferred hearing Patchy's account of the wars, and to this Patchy readily assented. He amused them by many a wild account of those fierce and bloody conflicts, until both he and they fell unconsciously asleep.

In the meantime, Brian Callan and the other members of his family, after recommending themselves devoutly and piously to the protection of God, retired to their beds, and soon after were sunk in deep and dreamless repose. They all led innocent and unoffensive lives—were peaceful and industrious, and well beloved by their neighbours and acquaintances. With the exception of the robberies which, at that unsettled period, were so frequent, persons of their quiet character had nothing to fear; and, on this occasion, for reasons with which the reader will be made acquainted, Brian Callan and his family slept, in what they considered perfect security. In the dead hour of the night, however, a violent knocking took place at the door, and voices, marked by tones of turbulence and impatience, were heard outside. The family within immediately started up, and dressed themselves as hurriedly as they could. Rose, probably from a peculiar instinct of personal apprehension, was the first dressed, and, guided by that instinct, she immediately hid herself under a bed.

"Something tells me," she said, pale with consternation, "that this unlawful visit is made on my account, and that Lucas is at the head of it; but I will hide," she added, "and if it is me they want, say that I went to my aunt's in Dundalk, to spend a week or a fortnight with her."

She accordingly concealed herself under the bed, the only place of concealment which the house afforded. The other members of the family were in a dreadful state of terror. They knew at once that those who were so violently and so vociferously demanding admittance, were not the robbers by whom the country was then infested. The clang and jingling of their arms left no doubt of their being a military party; but, as Callan and his family were unconscious of having given any offence either to the law or government, so were they completely perplexed as to the cause of such an outrage. Not that such scenes were then at all uncommon—far from it. The Tory-hunting, as it was still called—as applied even to the Rapparees—was still going on in the country, and many a house was thus surrounded and searched by night, either from direct information that the family held concealed a Tory or a Rapparee, or from suspicion that they had done so, and a hope that they might find them there.

At length, a rather hoarse, stern voice said outside: "Open the door, in the king's name; if you do not, we will break it in."

"What is your business with me or mine?" said Callan, from within, "that you come to my peaceful

house at such an unreasonable hour of the night. Why not come in daylight?"

"That is our own affair, and not yours," replied the same ruffian voice; "but if you wish to hear it, be it known to you, that we are come in search of a Rapparee called *Patchy Baccach*, and we know him to be now with you. He is a setter for the Rapparees, and goes about as a lame beggar. Open at once, before we break in the door. You know now that we are upon the king's business;" and, as he spoke, he gave the door a heavy knock with the butt-end of his carbine.

Callan, now perceiving that he had no alternative than that of yielding to their threats, opened the door, and admitted them. A candle was lit, and about a dozen men, in military uniform, at once entered the house, and after looking sharply about them, again demanded where the setter for the Rapparees was?

"You may believe me, as an honest man," replied Callan, "that the person you want isn't under this roof. If he was, you would see him, for there's no place here where he could hide."

"That is more than we know," returned their leader, a stern, ruffianly-looking man, about forty-five years of age; "but, in the meantime, we will search."

They accordingly commenced the search, and in a few minutes pulled poor Rose, now less alarmed than she had been, from under the bed. Having heard that they were in pursuit of the Baccach—a circumstance very probable in the times of which we write—Rose felt considerably relieved, and contrived to say in a whisper to her mother, that there was no necessity for alarm on her account, and requested her not to make herself at all uneasy.

"As for Patchy Baccach," said the leader, "it's a clear case that you have deceived us, and allowed him to escape. As it is, we must take this girl away with us until you produce him. Such are our orders, and such is the law."

"Is it to drag my daughter out from under her father's roof, in the clouds of the night?" replied Callan; "an innocent child, that never gave offence to a human being. Surely you have no king's authority for such an outrage as this—such a cowardly and unmanly outrage?"

"You had better keep a mannerly tongue in your head," replied the leader, whose name was Stinson—"otherwise it may be worse for you."

"I don't mane to offend you, sir," replied Callan. "I know what the law is about Rapparees, sure enough; but then, that is only in cases where the Rapparee or Tory is a relation of the family; but here there is nothing to justify your conduct, because, I take God to witness that there is neither Tory nor Rapparee related, either by blood or marriage, to me, or any one belongin' to me. Don't then drag my inoffensive child from the protection of her family. Maybe you are a father yourself, and if you are, think—oh, think of what you'd feel to see a daughter of your own torn from your arms and from your heart; think of this, sir, and have mercy on

us"—and as he spoke, the bitter tears ran down his cheeks.

"It is out of my power," replied the man, quite unmoved; "I have my orders, and I must obey them—let the young woman prepare to come along."

"Oh! no, sir," replied her mother, in accents of the most heart-rending entreaty, whilst the tears gushed from her eyes—"Oh! no; for the sake of the livin' God, no. Oh! if you have a wife, sir, or a daughter like her, as her father said to you, think how you'd feel if you saw that darlin' and beloved daughter torn away from her mother's arms at such an hour of the night, and by strange men—a girl that never in her life gave offence to man, woman, or child. Oh! have compassion upon us, sir; for, great God, she is our only daughter."

The stern miscreant, the instrument of a baser and far more dishonourable man, merely returned the same reply as before; when Rose, now in her mother's arms, said—

"I know, my dear mother, who the villain is that is at the bottom of this—but don't fear for me—I have but one life, and sooner than come to shame I will lose it. *I am prepared.*"

"If one of the family is to go," said her father, still in tears, "oh, take me, and leave our child to the mother that loves her better than her own life. I am ready to go with you—oh, do then take me, and leave the girl behind."

"No, but take me," added the mother, clasping her hands in a state of the wildest distraction—"take me, and leave our darlin' to the ould man, who will break his heart if she is separated from him."

"Not if he leaves her safe with you—safe in her own family," said her father, turning to his wife—"that's all I ask. And surely if you have a heart in your body," he added, addressing the leader—"a soul to be saved, and a belief that God is above you, and that you must account to him for this black outrage, you will spare her to her mother, and take me in her place."

"I will take neither of you, said the man, "in the absence of the Rapparee setter. She must come—for such are my orders. If I was to consult my own will," he added, somewhat softened, "I would leave the young woman with you—but that is out of the question. Prepare yourself, my girl, you must come with us; and you need not be at all afraid—there will be no harm done to you: so far from that, you will be soon glad that we brought you to good fortune."

"Stop there," proceeded her mother—"I cannot see this—I will not see my child destroyed when I can prevent it. Leave her with us, and we will give you up the Baccach."

"Where is he?" said the sergeant.

"He's in the barn," she replied, "where the boys always sleep."

"Go and arrest him forthwith," said Stinson, addressing three or four of the men; "but bring him with you by a different direction—you understand! He

mustn't cross our path, for we know him. He hasn't Sarsfield at his back now."

The barn in which the Baccach slept had, as most such buildings have, two doors, for the purpose of winnowing corn, by the strong draught of wind which they occasion. It is not to be supposed that the noise and tumult about the house, and the rattling of their arms, did not arouse and startle the inmates of the out-house. They were, in fact, awakened and alarmed, and in an instant the Baccach was up, and in the act of dressing himself with all the expedition in his power.

"I must be off," said he, throwing the straw upon which he slept upon another heap that lay in the end of the barn; "say I went out early in the night, and that I wouldn't tell yez where I was goin'. Blessed man, but it's I that could take down a couple o' the villains, and would, too, only that it would get the roof of every house belongin' to you burnt to ashes, and yourselves shot maybe, like dogs. But what I fear most about is poor —," he paused, from a reluctance to express the suspicions which pressed upon him, with respect to their sister. "Now," he added, passing out of the back-door, "I'm off, and thank God the night's dark—boul't this door, and if they come in, be sure to spake them fair, otherwise you may get a dog's-knock. As for me, I'm safe—for even if they caught me to-night, I would be at liberty to-morrow. I know that if they saw me, or met with me to-night, they should take me to save appearances, and to have an excuse for bein' out, if any inquiry should be made about their conduct. In the meantime, I don't wish to meet them, bekase I want to watch their motions, widout givin' them reason to suspect me. They call me Baccach, but devil a many men in the county could cross a country with me, for all that."

The truth is, that Patchy's lameness was but trifling, and such as impeded his activity and speed only in a very slight degree. Lame, however, he was, and that fact was sufficient to fasten the nickname upon him.

It is unnecessary to say that when the troopers came to search the barn, they found that the hare had flown, nor did this fact give them any uneasiness, inasmuch as his capture was merely secondary to the great object of their visit.

"The scoundrel has disappeared," said the men on their return from the barn; "but as he must have been aided and abetted in his flight by this man's sons, we are, of course, bound to take away the young woman, and keep her in close imprisonment until he is produced."

"Such are our orders," replied Stinson; "and you all know that there is no discretion allowed to us in their execution. Come, young woman!" he added, addressing Rose, and at the same time laying his hand—gently however—upon her shoulder, "you must accompany us, and that without delay."

The wail and sorrow of the parents and of the two servant maids cannot be described. Both parents clung to her, threw their arms around her, and their grief was less the grief of ordinary sorrow than that of wild and

hopeless despair. They had heard of these matters before, when the relatives of proclaimed Tories and Rapparees were held responsible for their appearance under the penalty of transportation itself, but never yet had they heard of or known a case where an unoffending female, or a female at all, had been held accountable for their capture or punished for their escape. Here the cases did not tally. There was no parallel between them. As the father said, there was neither Rapparee nor Tory connected with their family; and upon what principle or with what object their daughter should be dragged away from them in a spirit of such savage and licentious outrage, was a mystery which they could not fathom. The scene of the separation was indeed a terrible one. It required both strength and violence to tear the parents from their child. As for Rose herself, although distracted and stunned by this sudden and unwonted violence, she was firm, and did everything in her power to console her bereaved parents. In fact she felt not terror so much as resentment at this atrocious and cowardly outrage upon the peace and happiness of a family who had kept themselves aloof from the political convulsions of the times, and had, consequently, every claim to protection from the law. Her cheek mantled, and her eye flashed with indignation, but she knew that resistance and entreaty were both in vain, and, turning to her parents she said, as she adjusted her cloak about her shoulders, addressing them:—

"You both forget—we all forget—that there is a God above us who can protect the innocent. Think of this, and take your daughter's word for it, that no man shall ever bring me to either guilt or shame while I have life in my body; but, in the meantime, I trust in the protection of the Almighty, who, should all human aid fail, is able to protect me. When you see Con M'Mahon, tell him not to fear me; I will either live or die: and I am sure that both he and you will do everything in your power to take me out of danger. In the meantime don't be afraid; trust to God, and the intention that is in my own heart, should everything else fail me."

After one last heart-rending embrace they were then separated; and indeed it was evident from the silence and apparent reluctance even of those hardened veterans, that the task which had been committed to them was one from which their very hearts revolted. Their leader, Stinson, took no personal part in the separation of Rose from her parents. On the contrary, his tough and indurated heart seemed to have been moved by what had taken place before him, and his deportment, at first rough and surly, changed by degrees into a mood that betokened a sympathy which the nature of his duty rendered it impossible, if not unsafe, for him either to exhibit by his manner or to express in words. At all events, she was placed behind Stinson, who, in order to prevent her brothers or any of the family from dogging them on their way, placed a guard both upon the dwelling-house and the out-houses, who remained at their posts until all hope of discovering the route

they had taken became utterly impossible, after which they took their way, and disappeared about a couple of hours before morning.

It is utterly impossible to describe the grief and distraction of her miserable parents and family on that woeful and unhappy night. After their feelings, however, had somewhat subsided, or, we should rather say, when their very hearts had become broken down and exhausted, her father said, addressing his wife and the rest:—

"Come, Brian, and all of you, our tears can do our darlin' little good; think of her own blessed words—*trust in the Almighty*; since we cannot help her then any way else, let us pray to that Almighty for her, and implore Him to protect her innocence and her goodness from the snares that her enemies may lay for her, and to entreat that He may break down their power over her, and disappoint their evil designs against her, for, poor girl, she has nobody now but that Almighty to protect her."

They then knelt down to pray for her safety and preservation from all evil, and as they offered up those heart-felt and agonising prayers, it was pitiable to hear the deep groans and irrepressible sobs by which they were accompanied. Towards morning, when the guards that had been left by Stinson for the purposes already mentioned had taken their departure, her brothers made their appearance in the house, and on hearing that their sister was violently carried away, under circumstances so unaccountable and suspicious, their hearts were at once rent by grief, apprehension, and indignation. What, however, could the poor boys do? Indignation was vain, grief was vain, and nothing remained but to await the return of morning in order to take such steps as might be deemed most effectual for her recovery.

About nine or ten o'clock the next day, the melancholy account of this daring and outrageous abduction had gone abroad through the whole parish. The consternation, we need scarcely say, was general, and the sympathy felt for this peaceful and unhappy family at once profound and active. Their neighbours, friends, and acquaintances, all offered their services; but, alas! what could be done? They had no trace of her, and nothing to guide them but the fact that she had been taken away by a military party, in consequence, as had been stated by the leader of that party, of their having sheltered Patchy Baccach, whom they denounced as a setter for the Rapparees, and that she must be detained a prisoner until Patchy should be given up to them. Whether Patchy was a setter for the Rapparees or not, none of them could tell; but there were persons among them who hinted that if Patchy was a setter for anybody, it was much more likely that he was a setter for the military against the Rapparees; for that it was well known he had been seen pretty frequently about the Armagh barracks drinking and carousing with the soldiers. This certainly looked suspicious, especially when his visit to the house of Brian Callan was connected with that of the military upon the same night. Others,

however, defended the Baccach, and said it was well known that he could deceive a saint.

"He goes among the sogers," they said, "to drink wid them, and then to pick out o' them where they've got ordhers to go next to take the Rapparees; and then he goes and puts the Rapparees on their guard—gives them the hard word."

While discussing this point, which we are not now about to determine, young Con M'Mahon entered the house, and immediately a pause occurred in the conversation. All eyes were turned upon him, and many persons, in a low voice, not intended for his ear, whispered: "God pity him! the Lord look down on him! but the poor boy is to be felt for this day, if ever a man was."

When Rose's lover entered his cheek was pale, but his eyes blazing. "What," said he, "what has happened? Can what I've heard be true?—Is Rose gone?"

Her father seized his hand, and replied, with an emotion which almost deprived him of the power of utterance:

"She is gone, Con, she is gone; but where, for the present, we cannot tell. She was taken away by the sogers, and that's all we know about it; but, ahagur, there is no time to be lost. We must all set out and try to find some account of her. What do you intend to do?"

The young man paused, but on hearing the fact of her abduction confirmed, like her father, he was unable for some time to make any reply—a hot tear or two started to his eye, but he dashed them off, and seemed for a moment the very impersonation of vengeance. After a little, however, as if conscious of the necessity of coolness, he made an effort to become calm, and to a certain extent succeeded.

"Now," said he, "tell me all—tell me every word they said, and every thing that happened last night."

This the father did; and when M'Mahon had heard it all, he said, with another blaze of indignation: "Come, Brian Callan, come with me to Armagh barracks. I think I know the villain that is at the bottom of this. Come, you and I only; who has such a right as her father, and the man that is betrothed to her. We must find her, I tell you—or if not, all the law in Europe—no, nor all the soldiers in Europe, won't save him from my vengeance. What is *my* life if *she* is gone! Nothing. I don't value it at one grain of chaff. Come, let us start."

"This is too much outspoken, Con," said her father. "Don't talk as you do; you ought to know the enemies you may make by such language. I am sure the magistrates of the neighbourhood wont overlook this outrage upon a peaceable and loyal subject. Let us apply to them, then, and I'm in hopes that they'll assist us, as it is their duty to do, and to throw light upon the misery that has come upon us."

"I hope they will," replied M'Mahon; "there are many of them good men; and, on the other hand, many of them persecutors. But, in the mane time, come with

me straight to Armagh to find out there, whether any of the men have been abroad upon duty last night."

"Very well," replied her father. "In the name of God, let us go."

MacMahon had come well mounted upon a stout horse to the house of his intended father-in-law, and in a few minutes the old man was also in the saddle, and both set out for Armagh barracks. They reached there in a few hours, and, as MacMahon's object was to see the colonel of the regiment in which Lucas held his commission, they soon succeeded in procuring an interview with that gallant gentleman. His age was about sixty, and his appearance that of a mild and benevolent man, as in fact he was. If he had a fault at all as a military officer, it was an excess of indulgence to his subordinates, whom he overlooked in many escapades, which, as they were not exactly connected with any breach of discipline or duty, and as peace now prevailed over the country, he looked upon them with rather a lenient eye. Notwithstanding this good-humoured connivance at small offences—which could scarcely be termed any thing more, as they related to the profession, than semi-official at the most—yet was he known to be both stern and severe whenever any deliberate violation of duty was committed. He was a bachelor, and lived in a private house near the barracks; but as soon as he understood that Callan and MacMahon wished to see him, they were immediately admitted.

"Well," said he, when they entered, "what is the matter? Have these d—d Rapparees been with you? Confound the scoundrels, they are harassing us to death in pursuit of them, but to no purpose. There is scarcely a day that we have not a party out after them; and, after all, we return as we went—no, faith, not as we went, but my men jaded and fatigued to death. I suppose you have been robbed?"

"I have, sir," replied Callan, "but not by the Rapparees."

"How is that?"

"On last night a party of soldiers came to my house, in the middle of the night, and took away my only daughter, by force and violence."

"By force and violence?" he exclaimed, starting—"a party of military take away your daughter by force and violence—impossible; and in the king's name, too—more impossible still."

"It's truth, your honour,—too true it is, God help me; and, what is more, we don't know where she is, nor where they brought her to."

The colonel looked at the old man with astonishment, but at once perceived by his tears, and the deep affliction with which he spoke, that some gross or unusual outrage had been committed.

"Why, this," he said, "would seem almost incredible. Are you certain, poor man, that it was not the Rapparees who took her?"

"Quite certain, sir; they were troopers, in uniform, about a dozen or more of them. As for the Rapparees, it's a rule among them never to injure any woman, whether rich or poor, but rather to protect them. Their Captain would not allow it."

"Ah! that Captain," exclaimed the other. "D—n the rascal; many a long and fruitless chase he has led my poor fellows: however, we shall have him yet. In the mean time, tell me all about this business; for, as it stands, I can make nothing of it."

The old man then related, at full length, all the circumstances of the outrage, precisely as the reader is acquainted with them. When the Colonel heard him to the close, he paused for some time, but at length said—

"I am not surprised at your affliction, poor man. That law against Rapparees and Tories has not been acted on for some years. You say the lame rebel is not related to you; and, in that case, I don't see why either you or yours should be held responsible for him."

"He is only a poor Baccach, your honour, who goes about begging from house to house for his bit—God help him!"

"Sir," said MacMahon, who now spoke for the first time, "we came to you in order to know whether there was any party of your men out last night; and we say, too, with too much truth I'm afraid, that we have reason for suspectin' one of your own officers for bein' at the bottom of this villany; and if we find that he is, by the eter—"

The old man put his hand upon his mouth before he could complete the oath. "Con, for God's sake, will you keep yourself quiet, in his honour's presence. This young man, sir," he added, addressing the Colonel, "has a right to feel as much as any one livin', on this subject. He and my daughter were to be married in a couple of weeks."

"The officer's name I spake of, sir," persisted MacMahon, but somewhat more calmly, "is Lucas; and we know that he tried to break down her virtue by a falsehood, and attempts at bribery, until he was near gettin' himself stabbed to the heart by her for his pains. You'll find, sir, upon enquiry, that the profligate had a party of your men out last night, and under false pretences too."

Colonel Caterson—for such was his name—appeared at once to have been seriously impressed by the words which MacMahon had just uttered. A new light seemed to break in upon him; and, after reflecting in silence for a little, he at length said—

"Come, I was on my way to the barracks as you came in; let us go there. I shall enquire into this matter, and strictly too."

On his arrival there, he immediately instituted the necessary enquiries, and especially whether Cornet Lucas had been out with any military party on the preceding night, to which he was answered directly and solemnly in the negative. Cornet Lucas himself, upon being sent for, appeared, and assured him upon his honour that he had not left his room during the whole night, as he could prove by several witnesses—which he did do—and, in fact, the unsuspecting Colonel discovered that not one of his men had been out beyond the hour usually appointed for their return to barracks.

"Now," said he, addressing Callan and MacMahon, "you see I have made every necessary enquiry as to the cause of your trouble and suspicions. It is quite certain

that no men from these barracks were at your house last night, nor had anything to do with the outrage committed against your daughter and your family."

This intelligence was anything but agreeable; and young MacMahon, though forced to rest satisfied with it, maintained his opinion that the good-natured Colonel was imposed upon, and that Lucas had contrived to effect the abduction without his knowledge. This, indeed, was a very natural suspicion, if we reflect upon the loose and neglected state of discipline which prevailed in the British army at that period. Be this as it may, Callan and he were obliged to return home in such a state of sorrow and disappointment as may easily be conceived by our readers.

In the mean time, every effort was made for the recovery of the fair Rose of Lisbuy. Parties were out in all directions. The whole neighbourhood—the whole parish—was canvassed and searched, but with the same melancholy result. Neither trace nor tidings of her could be found. The grief of her parents and family was excessive—terrible; and as for young MacMahon, he was in a state of such absolute distraction, that his friends began to fear his reason would utterly abandon him. He could not rest—he could not partake of his ordinary meals; but kept riding about from place to place in such a state of despair and apparent insanity, that he became the subject of general compassion.

On the night after the outrage, about the hour of eleven o'clock, he was on his return from one of those hopeless excursions, when he found himself challenged in a part of the road that was peculiarly solitary and lonely. Three men on horseback approached him, and one of them, in a full, rich, and mellow voice, after commanding him to stand, said—

"Sir, deliver your purse at the peril of your life."

"Ah!" replied MacMahon, "there are three to one against me: otherwise you should not have it without a struggle—nor even as it is, but that I am unarmed."

"Come," said the man who spoke, addressing the rest, "this fellow has spunk in him: here, take my pistols and cutlass, and retire, and by no means interrupt us. I will either teach the gentleman a lesson, or will learn one from him. Alight, sir! I am now unarmed as you are, and if you prove yourself able to retain your purse, why, well and good, it shall be safe; but if not, you must go home without it."

"It is a fair offer," replied MacMahon, alighting, and I willingly accept it—take it, then, if you can."

Now, before we proceed farther in the history of this exploit, we beg to inform our readers that young Con MacMahon was one of the stoutest, most active, and courageous young fellows in the Barony. In fact, there was no man in it who, in a personal contest, had any chance with him; and, besides, on this occasion, the loss of Rose Callan, and her mysterious abduction, had made him altogether desperate. At all events, the highwayman and he met, and in less than half a minute he felt himself, without receiving a single blow, stretched upon the road, the knees of the highwayman upon his

body, and his throat within a gripe that he felt to be herculean.

"Do not strangle me," said MacMahon; "take my purse, and let me up."

"No," replied the other; "I will not *take* your purse—I never took a purse in my life: I always receive them with the consent of the donor. There now," he added, rising, "put your hand in your pocket, take out your purse, and hand it to me like a gentleman, saying—'Sir, I present you with this, and I thank you for your forbearance.'"

"Here is my purse," replied MacMahon, "and I must say, you deserve it; for he is no common man who could have taken it as you did, and from *me* too. It is not, however my purse that is troubling me: what is ten pounds to me, or ten thousand, in the affliction that is over me?"

"Why," asked the highwayman, "what affliction is over you?"

MacMahon then related, with an emotion which he could not restrain, the calamity which befel his betrothed, under circumstances of such unprecedented outrage; at the same time, swearing solemnly, that if Lucas proved to be the man, he would deliberately shoot him dead.

"Ha!" exclaimed the highwayman, "and so you suspect Lucas—but there you are wrong. I have reason to know that *Lucas* is not the man; however, the thing must be looked to. Stay where you are for a few minutes; but, I beg your pardon, you have not told me your name."

MacMahon then gave him a brief account of his name and family, after which, the highwayman paused for some time and, having again desired him to keep his place for a little, he joined his companions, with whom he entered into consultation for a few minutes, after which they all returned and joined him.

"Now, MacMahon," said the Rapparee, it so happens that I know your family well. There was a day when they were staunch friends to their unfortunate country, and sealed their affection for it with their blood."

"And would do so still," replied the young man, "if the occasion offered."

"I do not doubt it," replied the other; "but the times are now changed, and, perhaps, so much the better. It is madness to continue a losing and a hopeless game. I now return you your purse precisely as I received it from you. It is not upon you, or such as you, that I wish to exercise my office; but upon those who are enemies to the liberty of my country. I like the courage with which you would have defended your property."

"I thought," replied MacMahon, "that there was but one man who, upon equal grounds, could have taken it from me."

"And it is, probably, well for you that *that* man is not here, or perhaps you would have gone home with lighter pockets. In the meantime, I shall see that man to-night; and, if I possess any influence over him—as I think I do—it will go hard if I don't prevail upon

him to try and restore the fair girl, to whom you are betrothed, and perhaps inflict some punishment upon the villain who forced her away. The law is now all upon one side, and we must only endeavour to balance the account by availing ourselves of such opportunities against it as may offer, or as we can create by our wit and ingenuity. You may now go home in safety, and perhaps you shall hear from me ere long. If I succeed with *him*—of course, you know who I mean—there is a chance that your promised bride may be restored to you sooner than you imagine. This, however, if effected at all, must be upon the condition that you keep your adventure of this night a profound secret. You know the reward that is offered for the head of the *man* we allude to, and you know that spies are on the watch for him by night and day. His motions are consequently restricted, and anything that he may do in your business must be at the very risk of his life. Now, good night, and safe home to you!" And, having uttered these words, he and his party proceeded upon their way.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

AUGUST.

BEFORE the matin bells have shook
Their silver voices on the dawn—
Before the cattle fly the lawn
To breathe, knee-deep, amid the brook;

With phantom-like auroral light,
The misty eastern casement teems;
The dark is pierced with fractured beams,
And day treads on the heels of night.

O'er yellow leagues of poppie corn,
I hear the lark, while yonder drifts
Of cloud blow from their purple clefts,
Blue rain aslant the breathing morn.

Blithe swallows whistle from the eaves,
'Mid tangled vines and peaches ripe;
At intervals the linnets' pipe
Shrills upward from the jasmine leaves.

A mellow glory floats afar
Thro' all the kindling upper air,
Touching the western shadows, where
The heavens still hold one sinking star.

And happy plain and ferny glen
Are filled with rural tumults—throngs
Of gleaners shrilling country songs,
And bands of sickled husbandmen.

Bright season, from whose ardent light
The green wheat borrows golden ears,
And meadows cease to hear the shears,
Cicking 'mid flocks fresh plunged and white.

Mother of Harvest, whose hot breath
Crimsons the orchards; at whose look
The reapers rise with swathe and hook—
The honey trickles in the heath!

Tho' all the lilac gleams have fled
The gardens' round, and violets ceased
To flower the pastures looking east,
And all the rose's wealth is shed;

May I not frame an idle rhyme
Of antique rites and festivals,
Cool olived heights, and temple walls,
And revels of the golden time,—

When celebrative song and dance,
Beneath the fig-trees, heralded
Thy coming, and the altars, red
With blood of bulls, flamed in thy glance;

And white-robed priests, with lifted hands,
Invoked thine influence on the vines;
Whilst from the kindled cloven pines
The blue smoke dusk'd the pasture lands?

Once more, in dreams, O CERES rise,
Thy sweet lids dim with poppie sleep,
From caverns cool the harvests leap,
And Autumn splendours light the skies.

Close in thy train thro' forest paths,
His temples knit with ivy blooms,
Parded and sceptred, BACCHUS comes,
His wild locks dropping crimson baths.

And troops of lily-gleaming shapes—
Of satyr-clasped, loud laughing girls,
Their teeth like fruit-unsanguined pearls,
Pelt the free god with nuts and grapes.

WINE GIVER! in the woods no more
Thy name is heard. Within thy fanes
No shadow of thyself remains,
Thy glorious deity is o'er.

Men know thee not. Traditions dim
Embalm thy memory. Unto thee
No more ascends the melody
Of pastoral pipe and choral hymn.

And yet, while breathes the August wind
Over the meads, and shily borne
The cries of flocks float thro' the morn,
I fancy in the realms of Mind

To see thee rise, absolved from ills,
A radiant presence in the sun;
Or hear thy voice when day is done,
Fainting in echoes thro' the hills.

CAVIARE.

THE PATH TO THE BAR.

BY A STUDENT OF BROWN'S INN.

Our inn is neither a Blue Boar nor a Red Lion. No sign-board hangs out in front of it to invite the passing traveller who can pay. No burly-looking host stands on its door-steps to bid the new comer welcome. There is no dashing up of carriages into its yards; no bawling hostlers or "boots" loiter about it; no neatly-capped chamber-maids bustle about its corridors and up and down its staircases. Neither is it one of those vast modern establishments which have sprung up out of railroads, wherein waiters rush about with incessant rapidity, dressed in decorous black, faultless in the tie of their cravat, an awe to unfashionable travellers. It resembles, indeed, more the old Red Lion than the modern Victoria Hotel, but it differs widely from both. It stands in the midst of the smoke and bustle of London, just off a great thoroughfare, where the busy stream of life is ever pouring along, but is itself quiet and noiseless. This may be looked on as a kind of omen of what it is; and when the reader learns the nature of our Inn, he may perhaps think of the old fable of the roaring torrent and the smooth rivulet.

Our Inn is, in fact, one of the so-called Inns of Court. For the sake of convenience we will call it Brown's Inn. Young gentlemen who intend to devote their lives to the defence of the widow and the orphan, or to attacking them, as the case may be, and as the attorneys choose, come here to fulfil the ceremonies required of them before being called to the bar. Till within the last two or three years these ceremonies were beautiful in their simplicity. They consisted in simply the payment of certain fees, and the eating of a certain number of dinners. No more was required. The candidate for the honours of the wig and gown sauntered through the probationary period, reading law, if he was of a studious turn; if he was not, doing nothing. Some time since, however, it was resolved that this easy state of things should continue no longer. Lectures and examinations were appointed; and it was determined that the strongest powers of digestion, nay, even the greatest strength of head in bearing off the effects of bad wine, should avail the student nothing for his call to the bar, if these noble qualities were not accompanied by a competent knowledge of the laws of the land.

Thus our inn, being a nursery of young barristers, is closely connected with the law. And when the student has finished his years of probation, and signs himself "of Brown's Inn, Barrister-at-Law," our inn counts him among her members, and follows his future professional career with maternal interest, rejoicing at his successes, and vastly proud if he obtains the honours of his calling.

As we have already said, Brown's Inn is situated just off a great and bustling thoroughfare. Passing under a rather mean archway, the visitor of our inn finds himself in one of its squares, and from the contrast

which he observes in it with the noise he has just quitted, might imagine that he had suddenly been carried away to some quiet country town. All round him, as he stands in the midst of the square, are piles of lofty, dingy-looking brick buildings, with windows which seem as if they never knew what cleaning was, except upon a rainy day, and on which, for all the light they can admit, it must be a gross injustice to charge any window-tax. Each of these dingy buildings has a shabby entrance door, on whose side-posts are painted the names of the gentlemen who occupy rooms in the house, and enjoy in common the right of ascending and descending the dirty and ricketty staircase which winds up through it. These chambers form the property of the Honorable Society of Brown's Inn, and are let to the occupants at sufficiently easy rates. The occupants are of course law students, barristers, or attorneys. The profane vulgar who have no claims of relationship to make to Themis are excluded. It must not, however, be imagined, that because all the occupiers of chambers in our inn are connected with the law, that therefore they are all exclusive admirers and adores of her alone. The ground floor is probably occupied by some gentleman who has gone to the bar merely for the name of the thing, and who, not having the least intention of practising at the profession, lives in chambers at the inn on account of the independence of that manner of life. He of course forms one in numerous parties of pleasure, and is continually absent from his rooms; very different from the person who lives just above him. This gentleman, who has some small property—enough to live on comfortably—has been bitten by ambition, and aspires to be a great man some of these days. Accordingly, his every minute is devoted to the law. He dreams of it in his sleep; he thinks of it in his hours of recreation, whenever they occur, which is seldom enough. He breathes it; he almost eats and drinks it. He never gets a pound of candles wrapped up in a copy of some old brief, that he does not eagerly peruse every line of the greasy fragment, in the hope of extracting some little information from it. His library is guiltless of literature, save that appertaining to the law. He scarcely ever stirs out, except to make an excursion down to Westminster Hall, when some knotty point is announced for discussion. Some men would look on this as a rather stupid and monotonous existence, and monotonous it certainly is; but as certainly, at least to him, by no means stupid. He has a great object in view, and is working hard to attain it. The object is one, too, of fair and honorable ambition, and thus he is happy: or rather, perhaps he would be so but for one grievance. That one grievance, which forms the sour to the sweet of his existence—the black to its white—the thorn to its rose, is the occupant of the third floor. This is a gentleman belonging to that very extensive class of students who never study. If he were even to keep his idleness to himself, our friend of the second floor would perhaps not mind it much. But occasionally the occupant of the third floor gives suppers to divers of his acquaintance, and on suppers ensue noise and songs

with terrific choruses, the echo of which resounds all over the building. It certainly cannot be pleasant for a gentleman, who, at two in the morning, is making a desperate attempt to master some abstruse problem in conveyancing, or to discover the full meaning of a new Act of Parliament, to have everything like law scared a thousand miles away from him, by an assurance proceeding from twelve or thirteen rather tipsy voices, that—they'll take a flight from earth to heaven, and leave the world behind them. Perhaps our friend sincerely wishes that they would only carry their promise out, and take a flight to heaven, or anywhere away from the place they are in. But they do nothing of the kind, at least until four or five o'clock, when a loud scuffling and tramping is heard on the stairs as the party breaks up. Different from first, second, and third floor, is the fourth, the top, or nearly so, of the house. Its proprietor calls himself a law student as well as the others, but law perhaps is precisely that which he studies least. Not a fashionable idler, like our friend of the ground-floor; not a plodding lawyer, like the occupant of the second; nor a riotous good-for-nothing, like him of the third floor—his days and his nights are given to steady unflinching work. He too looks forward to distinction at the profession he is about to embrace, but that distinction is to him a very distant prospect indeed. His every moment at present is taken up by a ceaseless struggle for bread. Perhaps he ekes out his livelihood by writing, perhaps he gives private lessons in some subject. Be this as it may, he depends on his own head for his support and advancement in life. Hitherto it has stood him in good stead; by it he has forced himself on to his present position; let us hope that it will be hereafter as faithful to him.

A visit to any other of the buildings of our inn would bring forward pretty much the same set of characters; some lazy, some industrious; some rich, and others poor; all enjoying the same glorious independence of chamber life, all waited on by that most hideous, untidy and unwashed class of females, yclept "laundresses."

We have in our Inn a chapel and a library. But its peculiar boast is its dining-hall. To say the truth, we have some reason to be proud of it. Although on the outside it is not very remarkable, yet the interior of it is striking to a stranger, and bears his mind back for centuries. It is a fine large, lofty room, somewhat like Westminster-hall in style, and panelled and raftered with good oak, which has been seasoned and blackened by many a year. At each end is a door, over one of which is a gallery, supported on a screen or partition of oak, finely carved. On the walls are painted the coats of arms of the gentlemen who at various times have filled the office of treasurer to the Honourable Society of Brown's Inn; and here also are hung portraits of the different great men whom "Brown's" proudly counts as having in old days been of her *alumni*. Very eminent men some of them were too, not merely cunning in the drawing of settlements, or the devising of subtle pleas—which we of the law are, perhaps, too much inclined to look on as the very highest pitch of

human wisdom—but wise too in discovering the secrets of nature, and analysing that most puzzling of substances, the mind of man. Down the room stretch the long tables at which the students and barristers dine during term time. The tables are of solid substantial oak, well polished. They are old, too, for we have a tradition that they were presented to our Inn by Queen Elizabeth.

Indeed the whole hall is redolent, if I may use the expression, of this queen and of her court. From the gallery which I have spoken of, she viewed Will Shakspeare and his company—at least so the story goes amongst us—act the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, at the other end of the hall. I have heard, too, of revels being held there, when doubtless "the grave Lord Keeper led the brawls," and the ladies of the court performed solemn dances with the chivalrous young gentlemen of the day. One of the earliest specimens of the English drama—ere Shakspeare had yet come forth—was acted in our hall. I think our honourable society has some cause for being proud of these associations.

However, Queen Elizabeth, her courtiers, and her maids of honour, have long since passed away, and are to us but unsubstantial shadows. Far more important to the man of the present is an account of what is now doing. In our Inn our principal doings are connected with eating. Every one knows, that in order to be called to the bar, the student must attend during a certain number of terms at one of the Inns of Court, and in each term must eat a certain number of dinners. These dinners are at all the Inns a very solemn proceeding—at none more so, perhaps, than at ours, where the old customs that are kept up easily carry the mind back to a very distant date.

Let us enter the hall on any day in term time, at about twenty minutes after five o'clock. Various groups are gathered here and there throughout it; some round the large stove which stand in the centre, others chatting with the clerk who attends to take down the names of those who appear, in order that they may obtain credit for the dinner. All wear black stuff gowns of different fashions, according as the wearer is a student or a barrister. Some are discussing the last law-point that has been raised at Westminster, others settling the affairs of the nation. Here and there is a little knot of students from our own land, laughing and joking, and making exceedingly bad puns. These Irish gentlemen are obliged to keep terms in England as well as at home, in order to be called to the Irish bar. Some of them only left their homes in Dublin last night at seven o'clock, and still bear the marks of travel on their countenances. Whatever differences of politics there may be amongst them, they seem unanimous on some points—that the passage from Kingstown to Holyhead is a dire nuisance, and that they will willingly assist any plan to build a bridge across, or drain the Irish Channel dry.

From time immemorial "Brown's" has been a favourite resort of Irish students, and strange stories linger about

of their fun, and sometimes of their mischief. But those stories are very much of the past, nor is it likely that any of them would perpetrate now what is related of one who afterwards attained a high position on the Irish Bench. Many, many years ago, a number of our young countrymen were, like our friends whom I have just described, lounging about the stove waiting for dinner. Just as the benchers came in and were taking their places, one of these young gentlemen managed, unobserved, to place in the stove half a dozen squibs, which exploded as grace was being said, smashed some dozens plates which were lying near to be warmed, and filled the hall with smoke and a strong smell of gunpowder. Of course a hubbub arose at once. The wrath of the benchers was roused; the doors of the hall were ordered to be locked, and a court was summarily constituted for the discovery and punishment of the author of the mischief. As the promptest mode of detection, the students were ordered to remain in their places, and each was required to rise in turn and declare on his honour whether he was the culprit. One after the other arose and declared his innocence, and it was rapidly coming to the turn of our Irish student. He felt that he was in all probability ruined for life; for of course there was nothing open to him but to confess his guilt, and of that confession expulsion from the Inn would be the certain and speedy consequence. As may be imagined his thoughts were not of the pleasantest nature as the student next him rose, as our countryman supposed, to follow the example of the others, and disclaim any part in the outrage. But this one did not declare on his honour that he was not the culprit. He boldly refused to answer at all the question put to him, and declared that he considered such an inquisitorial proceeding to be quite unworthy of any body of Englishmen, and that he for one, let the consequences be to him what they might, would not obey the arbitrary command of the Benchers. If they wished to discover who committed the offence, they should proceed in some manner more in accordance with the spirit of English law. His declaration was received with a murmur of applause through the hall, and the Benchers, feeling that they had taken a wrong course, suffered the matter to drop there, and put no further questions. In this way our countryman narrowly escaped suffering the penalty of his mischievous spirit. Years afterwards when he had risen to a high official position, he was one day walking down Whitehall, when he was accosted by a gentleman somewhat poorly attired, who asked him if he did not remember him. For a moment the subject of our story hesitated, but soon he recollected all, and addressing the stranger: "Remember you!" he said—"I'll never forget you as long as there is a squib or a cracker to be bought in London." I am glad to say that he showed practically that he did remember. His old preserver had been unfortunate in life. He had never been called to the bar, and had followed other callings, in none of which he had prospered; and his prospects were very dreary indeed when he met the quondam Guy Fawkes of the plates and dishes of Brown's Inn, who obtained for him

an employment which made him comfortable for the rest of his days.

However, to return to the hall of the present day, the hands of the clock move on, and at half-past five the benchers make their appearance, and take their places at a table on the raised dais at the top of the hall. Three blows are struck with a wooden mallet, and at this signal students and barristers repair to their respective tables. Another blow is struck, grace—somewhat longer than the short "*Benedictus benedictus*" of the King's Inns here—is said in Latin, and dinner begins. There is a bar table and a students' table, each divided into several messes of four members. Each mess has its dinner served to it separately—the meat on large pewter plates—and enjoys its own special bottle of wine. Every mess has its captain, an officer whose privilege it is to help himself first to everything, and whose duty it is to preserve order among the members of his mess. The meat is not carved by any one individual for the others, as is done in our more modern and more civilized King's Inns in Dublin, but every one helps himself. The captain, as I have said, begins; he sends the dish to the gentleman opposite to him, who, when he has helped himself, does not give it to his neighbour, but shoves it across to the person opposite that neighbour. He again sends it to his *vis-a-vis*. In this zigzag fashion all the dishes and the wine are passed round, and any infraction on the rule may be punished by a fine on the gentleman trespassing. This fine ought to consist of a bottle of wine for the mess, but is, in fact, never enforced. An important part of the captain's duty is to drink to the messes near his own. One of the customs of our hall is, that every mess should drink to its neighbours before the cheese is put upon the table. This is done in the following manner: The captain of the highest mess, at any moment he chooses, bids those sitting with him to fill their glasses, and, looking at the mess below, exclaims: "Gentlemen of the lower mess," and drinks to them. The lower mess afterwards returns the compliment, and in its turn drinks likewise to the mess below it, and thus a series of health-drinking passes all round the hall. This need not, however, begin with the highest mess. Every mess may drink to the one next below it at any time, though not to that above it until it has itself been challenged. While this ceremony has been going on amongst the barristers and students, the dinner is advancing, and the benchers have got almost to the end of theirs. A student, dining for the first time in the hall, will now be surprised to see the cook of the Inn, dressed in full culinary costume, with white cap and apron, enter and advance up to the benchers' table. He takes his stand at the head of it, receives from the benchers there a glass of wine, drinks it off, and retires as silently as he came in. Such are some of our old customs. There are others, but it would be long to enumerate them all. Dinner closes as it began, with three blows of a mallet on a board, and a long Latin grace.

Such is dinner upon ordinary days. But we have two great occasions in each term—two solemn festivals;

we call them Grand-day and Call-day. To begin with the former. In the first place, we dine at six o'clock, while on other days, as I have said, we sit down at half-past five. Then, too, the dinner is "on a style of extraordinary magnificence," that is, every mess gets an extra bottle of wine and a fowl in addition to the usual joint. But the peculiarity of the day is the sending round of what is called the Loving-Cup. This is done before the dinner is served. We all, students and barristers, sit down with our backs to our tables, and two servants pass round the hall, one carrying a plate with small pieces of bread or toast upon it, the other bearing the Loving-Cup. This is a huge chalice, filled to the brim with spiced-wine. It is presented to each individual in the hall in turn, beginning with the upper bar, and ending with the lowest students' mess. Every one partakes of it, all drinking from the one chalice. After dinner it is brought round again. This time it is presented to each mess, three members of which stand up and taste the cup in turn, pronouncing at the same time the words: "To the glorious memory of good Queen Bess." At least that, as I have been given to understand, is the regular orthodox toast; but some, especially student, from the sister isles do not seem to relish the memory of the sovereign in question, and either drink in silence, or simply salute each other with a "God bless you!" The "loving-cup" having thus made its second progress, nothing more remains to be done. The "usual loyal and patriotic toasts" are generally drunk, and various speeches are made in connection with the toasts, and so the evening ends.

But the great day of feasting and jollity at our Inn is Call-day. This is the day upon which such gentlemen as have qualified themselves, by digesting the full number of dinners, for the exercise of the legal profession, are solemnly called to the bar, and endowed with the permission of ever more wearing wigs and gowns, and doing whatever business they can obtain. As they have gained their spurs by eating, it is thought but right that the joyful occasion should be celebrated by drinking. Accordingly, from time immemorial, the custom of our Inn has been that on passing from the rank of student to that of barrister, each gentleman should treat the hall to additional wine. Thus, when three or four men are called in one term, it follows that the solitary bottle of port or sherry, usually allotted to each mess, swells into three or four bottles of different wines. Of this the consequence, of course, is exceeding jollity, and now and then much uproar. Dinner, save for the extra wine, passes as usual. But when grace has been said, the cloth removed, and the benchers have withdrawn, proceedings begin to take another turn. First, a porter appears, who calls out the embryo barristers, and leads them to the benchers' "private room." What ceremonies take place at this mysterious interview, I, not having yet been initiated, cannot take upon myself to say; but after the lapse of some ten or twelve minutes, those who had left the hall students, return amid universal clapping of hands and cheering, full-fledged barristers. Then one of the members of

the upper bar mess stands up and solemnly proposes the health of his new brothers. This he, of course, does in a complimentary strain. He eulogises each gentleman separately, declares that he has either himself known him, or heard of him from others, as having always been gentlemanly in his conduct, and exemplary in his hard readings; and finally, rising to the height of prophecy, he foresees in his three or four friends, three or four of the wisest chancellors who ever have illustrated the bar by their learning, or benefited the country by their wisdom. This speech is, of course, received with tremendous applause. The whole assembly arise, raise their glasses, and drink to Messrs. *Brown, Jones, and Robinson*, with all the honours. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! When the din has subsided, the first on the list of new barristers rises to return thanks for himself. If he be at all a man of heart, and especially if he have partaken a little plentifully of his own wine, he will allude feelingly to his sorrow at leaving his friends the students. Perhaps he may even contrive to squeeze out a tear at the affecting prospect of having to sit henceforth at a table fully six feet distant from that which he has hitherto used. However he speedily recovers from these heart-breaking reflections, when he considers the men who await him at the bar-mess; men, he may say, as distinguished for the goodness of their heart (hear, hear) as for the splendour of their talents (loud cheering and thumping of tables, amid which the learned gentleman sits down). The other speeches are of pretty much the same tenor, have been so from time to whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and in all probability will be so as long as call-day is observed. This duty of drinking the new barristers' healths having been performed, we pass on to the other entertainments of the evening. Some one volunteers to sing a song, and after that some one else does the same. The longer and louder the chorus, the better the song, of course. Next some gentleman stands up, and in a speech full of fraternal feeling, proposes the health of the Irish students of Brown's Inn. This, of course, is responded to in an oration adorned with every flower that rhetoric can supply, by some one of the Irish students, who in turn proposes the health of his English brothers. By this time a good deal of wine has been consumed, and some of the gentlemen present have reached that stage of jollity which may be termed the quarrelsome. Accordingly some one in the enviable state gets up and makes an angry speech. He finds fault with the gentlemen who have proposed the two last toasts. He says that he has never yet heard until to-night any distinction made between English and Irish students. Nationality sinks to nothingness in Brown's Inn Hall, and the only title recognised there is that of students or barristers, apart from all other differences. Some other gentlemen are ready to make an angry answer to this, but they are silenced; and to set all right, and ease all tender consciences, we drink the students of Brown's Inn collectively. Thus the evening is passed, Songs succeed songs, and speeches follow speeches.

until the lateness of the hour, and the emptiness of the bottles, persuade the revellers to end the festivities of this call-day.

Such are a few of the peculiarities of our Inn, and such is the students' path to the bar. Other customs there are, but it would be long to enumerate them all. Nor is Brown's Inn the only one where these old-fashioned habits prevail. The other Inns of Court are well deserving of study likewise, and he who would attempt to glean from them, would certainly not come away empty-handed. What a field for observation there is in the governing bodies of these old institutions, Charles Lamb has well shewn, in his Essay on the Old Benchers of the Inner Temple. But for me, an humble student, this is dangerous ground, and to advance upon it might be construed into a species of high treason. Indeed I do not know to what I may have exposed myself by revealing even so much of the *arcana* of our Inn as I have done, and a regard for my own personal safety, if not for the comfort of my readers, tells me that it is high time for me to conclude.

A DAY AMONG THE TWELVE PINS.

'Tis only a few years since the vast "territory" of Conamara was still the property of the late Thomas Barnewell Martin, who, as the Seanachies would have said, was the son of Richard, the Colonel; the son of Robert, the son of Anthony, the son of Richard, who was called "Nimble Dick." The history of "Nimble Dick" is well worth a passing word. He commenced his career in the reign of Charles II., as Mr. Richard Martin of Dangan, near Galway; but being connected with the legal profession, and of active habits, as his traditional sobriquet implies, he contrived to get, by hook and by crook, a great tract of the confiscated lands of the O'Flaherties of Iar-Connaught into his possession; or, as he himself stated, he acquired it "with great care, pains, and industry under the Acts of Settlement and Explanation." He was obliged to take up arms, like the other gentry of the West, for James II., and was a captain at Aughrim, where tradition does not give him credit for very honorable conduct; and in the next place we find him, although "a rank Papist," obtaining from King William, under the promise of building a town which was never built, a patent confirming to him and his heirs all the lands which he had acquired in Iar-Connaught. His son, Anthony, commonly styled Captain, had two sons, of whom the second, Robert, who married Bridget, a younger daughter of John Barnewell, eleventh baron of Trimleston, inherited the property, and distinguished himself by murdering an English or rather Scottish officer, Lieut. Henry Jolly of the Grenadiers, in Galway, in the year 1735. It appears that Mr. Martin was passing along the street, when some one spat from a window over his head. The supposed insult occurred at a coffee-house, frequented by the military: Mr. Martin rushed up stairs with his sword drawn, and saw two officers sitting near the window in the billiard-

room; both were unarmed, and one of them apologised for the inadvertent offence, hastening however to the barracks for his sword, that he might afford reparation to the insulted dignity of Nimble Dick's grandson; but in the meantime Mr. Martin ran the unhappy Lieut. Jolly through the body, inflicting several mortal wounds on him in a paroxysm of rage, and then escaped across Lough Corrib in a small boat. Soon after he gave himself up, on condition that he would be tried by a Galway jury. The trial took place before the King's Bench in Dublin; the evidence was clear, especially that of the waiter, who saw the prisoner rush upon his victim like a tiger, and plunge his sword in his body; but Mr. Martin was acquitted, and returned in triumph to Galway with his jury, making merry along the way. In 1745 he set out to join the Pretender in Scotland, but did not leave Ireland, and on his return to Galway the same year declared himself a Protestant as a measure of security; his descendants ever since adhered to the state Church, and he died at an advanced age in 1792. Robert Martin's son and successor was the eccentric Colonel Richard Martin, of duelling and anti-cruelty-to-animals celebrity, and the next step in the pedigree brings us to the late Mr. Martin, with whom we commenced. It is a curious fact that just four generations passed away, and the representative of Nimble Dick was without one sod of the vast estate which that gentleman accumulated! That the forfeit should have fallen chiefly upon the best and most estimable of the race, is an instance of those wise and inscrutable judgments before which all must bow, and which visit the crimes of men upon their posterity. Mary, the only child of Mr. Thomas Martin, was high-minded, intellectual, charitable, patriotic, and amiable. Familiarly known as the Queen of Conamara, she possessed the qualities which could best exalt the queenly character, yet she it was who was the chief sufferer in the family downfall. Acting on the impulse of honorable self-sacrifice, she relinquished her own legal rights in favour of her father's creditors; and so, the heiress of many cloud-capt mountains, and of countless lakes, and bays, and islands, and of wild moor-land acres counted by hundreds of thousands, that might have served as a dowry for a princess, died landless and almost penniless in a distant country!

But I have commenced with a digression, for I only meant to say that it was a few years ago, while the halls of Ballinahinch Castle still glowed with the hospitality of the Martins, and ere the world knew how tightly its proprietor was pressed in the iron grasp of the Law Life Insurance Company, that I sallied forth from its portals, accompanied by a guide, to whose charge I had been committed, to explore the misty region of the Twelve Pins.

For about a mile along the way we obtained frequent glimpses of Ballinahinch lake, and of the small islets from which it obtains its name, and on one of which stands an old castle of the O'Flaherties, constructed, as old records say, of the materials of the ancient Dominican abbey of Tombeola, of which no vestiges now remain. North of the lake rose the majestic group of the Twelve

Pins, one of the principal summits of which, Benlattery, seemed almost to overhang the tranquil lough; and about the tops and sides of the mountain hung patches of cloud, the immediate destination of which, whether upward or downward, it would have been at that moment very desirable to ascertain. Dr. Gerard Boate, writing more than two hundred years ago of the "quality and fashion of the Irish coast and shores," describes "Slime" Head as being "by the seafaring-men called Twelve-pence, because the land showeth itself in twelve round hommocks;" but he was wrong both in the form of the name, and in confounding these "hommocks" with "Slime Head." Again, lest some of my readers should suppose that the name had any relation to the old popular play of "nine pins," and that perchance our famous Jar-Connaught mountains were used in one of those giants' games in which Arthur's quoits—of which travellers among the Welsh mountains must have often heard—were employed, I may as well mention that the name is only a corruption for the Twelve Bens or pinnacles. The Irish name is Beanna-Beola, or the mountains or summits of Beola; but who the personage was whose memory has been thus enshrined in the everlasting hills, and has been also identified with the Tombeola—the tomb or mound of Beola,—already mentioned, history sayeth not. The antiquaries of Vallancey's time coined a word for our Irish dictionaries—"beola, a robber"—but this, I am assured, was a groundless forgery; and Beola was undoubtedly the proper name of a person, whether of some "giant" of the fabulous ages, or of some saint of the primitive Irish Church.

When we had got little more than a mile from the castle, we crossed the high road which leads to Clifden, and ascending by a rugged *boreen*, pursued our way towards the marble quarries of Bar-an-oran. I soon perceived that my guide was a *bacach*, as the Conamara people derisively call a stranger. In fact, Mr. Martin employed no one but strangers, and surrounded himself with a colony of people from Tipperary, the Queen's County, Longford, and other distant parts of Ireland. The original population he disliked. He considered them hopelessly ignorant and indolent; and it would certainly have required more time, and trouble, and outlay, to introduce among them habits of comfort and industry than he cared to bestow. When men have been for unnumbered generations plunged in poverty, without one gleam of hope, or the slightest shade of improvement in their condition, it requires some helping hand at last to raise them, if they are ever to be raised, from their misery. They cannot begin an upward movement of their own accord; how should they? They know nothing of social progress, and whoever enquired into the history of a Conamara village, could not blame its inmates for that ignorance. However, Mr. Martin's plan for improving his estate was not by helping or teaching the native inhabitants how to do so, but by trying to effect it by means of colonisation.

But to return to my companion. Being a *bacach* as he was, he knew nothing whatever about the traditions of

the country; all the local legends and superstitions he held in contempt; he was too philosophical to believe a word of what was said about the "good-people," and could not explain the meaning of any of the poetically-descriptive names of the lakes and mountains about us. He never thought of such a thing.

"We are going, you say, Paddy, to Bar-an-oran," I observed; "but what is the meaning of that word?"

"Meaning, Sir? Faith I don't think there is much meaning in it, no more than in any names in this part of the country. It only means "the top of the song," and there is not much sense in that I think," answered Paddy.

Now, it did not require a very profound knowledge of Irish to know that the name pronounced as the word in question bears an interpretation more consistent with a topographical application, as in fact, it simply means "the head of the well, or spring;" but taking this as an illustration of my guide's deficiency in Conamara lore, I wished to be at liberty to explore the mountains without him; and an opportunity to do so soon presented itself. While I was examining some large blocks of fine serpentine marble that had been raised from the quarries many years before, and that lay there neglected for want of purchasers, Paddy Ford, for such was my guide's name, left me for a while, and I then heard from men who were sinking a drain to carry off the water from a quarry, that he was the Castle bailiff, and had gone to serve processes in a neighbouring village. It needed no more to determine me to dispense with his company; and requesting the quarrymen to tell Paddy at his return to give himself no trouble about me, I told them I was resolved to climb the heights of Bennabeola alone, and if possible make my way to Glen Inagh. In vain did they endeavour to dissuade me from the attempt. The clouds still clung to the sides of the mountains, and they assured me that the day was likely to turn out unfavorably; at all events the weather was doubtful, and if I were caught by the fog among the Twelve Pins, I had a bad chance of ever making my way back.

"Besides, Sir," said they emphatically, "you will run the risk of being clifted."

I did not consider the full import of this warning at the time: but mindful of former exploits among more celebrated mountains, both Alps and Pyrenees, and with the grand scenery of Chamouni present to my mind, I looked up contemptuously towards the weather-beaten summits of Bennabeola as they peered out among the clouds, and assured my friendly advisers that I thought very little of the dangers which such hills as these could present. It was well the men were some of Mr. Martin's *bacachs*, else they might have been offended by the slight cast upon the dignity of their mountains; but for the credit of our Conamara scenery, I must say that its mountains are much more effective in a picture than their relative elevation as set down in a tabular list of the mountains of Europe would lead one to expect, for they display at once all the majesty of their proportions rising before us from plains almost level with the sea; whereas in other countries we find that we have

already ascended some thousand feet of the aforesaid tabular elevation before we obtain a glimpse of the boasted heights. Therefore, Bennabeola, I make the *amende* for any disparagement which I may have offered to your thunder-riven and cloud-enveloped dignity!

The quarrymen repeated their warning more earnestly than before—"Take care, Sir, or maybe 'tis clifted you'd be;"—but I merely enquired which of the *maams* before me led to Glen Inagh, and without waiting to assure myself which of the mountain gaps or openings was pointed out in reply, I bounded over the pathless bog, from one tussock to another, rejoicing in my liberty, and soon gained the acclivity of the Twelve Pins. Men have a natural instinct to escape from bailiffs, and hence much of the satisfaction which I experienced at my escape from Paddy Ford. I halted now and then to look behind, and ascertain whether I was pursued, but each time felt the satisfactory assurance that I was left alone. As I ascended the side of the mountain the solitude was first pleasing, then romantic, then solemn. The clouds still enveloped the peaks above; there was not a breath of wind to disturb their fleecy masses; there was no track left by any living thing upon the vast moorland, and I soon discovered that in my anxiety to escape from the bailiff—from the guide I mean—I had quite forgotten the way that was pointed out to me as leading to Glen Inagh. Three or four of those mountain passes, which in Iar-Connaught are called *maams*, presented themselves to me, but they had changed their relative position, and for the life of me I could not say which of them I should take.

"Hush! I hear people coming who will direct me. There are two or three at least, and they are talking earnestly, but one has the principal part of the conversation, and seems to be explaining some matter with great volubility. I never heard sweeter voices even in Italy. But who can these people be? I wonder could the quarrymen below observe us at such a distance if anything unpleasant were to happen? But no matter; these cannot be the voices of any evil-disposed people, if indeed there be any such in Conamara, which I very much doubt."

Thus I thought, as I listened for a moment with ears intent; but alas! it was only the gurgling of a tiny stream I heard, as it purled downward, quite unseen, at the bottom of a deep channel which it had cut for itself with its more vigorous efforts during some thousand winters. How musically and well it had mimicked the human voice! but there was no human voice except my own to be heard in that dreary wilderness, and in vain did I wish for one that might direct me on my way. How often, in the most important affairs of life, do people fly from their guides as inconsiderately as I fled from Paddy Ford at the foot of the Twelve Pins!

Following in my ascent the dry bed of a torrent which presented a succession of wild and picturesque spots; the banks being sometimes steep, and the rich herbage on the alluvial soil collected at other points, contrasting with the barrenness of the surrounding wilderness; I at length approached one of the *maams*, but whether the

one indicated by the quarrymen or not, remained to be seen. I promised myself a glorious view of Glen Inagh and its lake of the wooded islands, so much praised by Inglis and by every one who had penetrated to its recesses. The landscape that would be thus mapped out below me, and seen from the clouds through the hazy atmosphere, must have an enchanting effect. Another effort, another hundred feet or so "excelsior," and I would be rewarded for all my toil.

The effort was made and the *maam* was gained, but the prospect was very different from what I anticipated. I found myself in a horrible stony desert. It was a spot bared and scathed by rain and tempest since the creation; the inhospitable rocks were covered with dark gelatinous lichens, or were bleached and riven by the blasts of an everlasting winter. The air was moist and chilly, and there was no longer the dead calm which I had felt on the side of the mountain, but a smart breeze from the south-west wafted the clouds quickly past, and I was every moment enveloped in their masses, and almost suffocated by their sulphureous smell. Higher still rose the rocky peaks of the mountain, but fatigue as well as the chilling influence of that gloomy solitude deprived me of any wish to climb higher for that time.

On the other hand, looking back from the *maam* which I had entered, the view was magnificent. As each cloud passed away, the vast plain of Conamara, intersected by innumerable loughs and streams, and bounded in the distance by the ocean, was seen spread out below. The countless islands, the deeply indented coast, the solitary hill of Doon towards Slyn Head in the west, and that of Urrisbeg in the south, all claimed attention; but after enjoying the prospect a while, I recollected that I had yet to obtain the promised view of Glen Inagh, if not to make good my way to that far-famed valley. I therefore selected another of the openings among the peaks of the Twelve Pins which surrounded me, and felt assured that it would answer the desired purpose.

A little scrambling among the loose rocks brought me to this second *maam*, but only to be again disappointed. The lake and castle of Ballinahinch, with its groves and the bleak dark bog beyond them, in fact the very place which I had left some hours before, was at my feet, and the peak immediately at my right hand, and against which I leaned, was that of Benlettery, to which the reader has been already introduced.

Seeing that I had thus turned my back to the very point towards which I intended to have directed my course, nothing apparently was easier than to set myself right now by taking the opposite direction. I therefore fixed my eye on a *maam*, which, as well as I could guess, was diametrically opposite the spot where I then stood, and I concluded that that was most assuredly the pass to Glen Inagh. Another weary scramble among the rocks which covered that land of mists and storms, and I gained the wished-for opening.

Spirit of Beola! I know not whether you be black or white, but that you hardly belong to the realms of

light, I presume from the malice with which you have this day avenged my slight irreverence to the majesty of your titanic heights!

Such was my ejaculation as I withdrew from the *maam* through which I had gazed for a moment—not upon the limpid mirror of Lough Inagh, as I had hoped, but still on the interminable low-lying tracts of Conamara, although this time, indeed, in a more easterly direction than before, with Lough Gormna and its wooded shore in the fore-ground, and Cashel Hill and the plain of Erris-Anagh in the distance. Despondingly I sat me down on one of the rough and weather-beaten rocks in the cloud-girt amphitheatre which I had now crossed and recrossed so repeatedly. Hunger and fatigue were beginning to press hard upon me. It was a horrible thought to lie down and die, and leave one's bones to bleach among the rocks in that gloomy region! And should some grim spirits appear before death, and make those savage mountain summits echo with their yells in mockery of my sufferings, who was to tell it in the world below? The dismal mystery would still remain undisclosed, and they might inflict upon me all the anguish of fright and terror with impunity to their darksome privacy! Nor was it wonderful that imagination evoked such horrors under the circumstances, for the fact was, that if a fog descended there was almost no chance of escape from the position in which I was placed, and with a storm or rain the peril would be scarcely less. Fortunately none of these contingencies supervened—the weather cleared up; and if I only abandoned my obstinate determination to obtain a view of Lough Inagh, I might have returned, at the expense only of so much fatigue, to Ballinahinch.

Wearied as I was, I shall not inflict a like pain upon my readers by describing all my subsequent efforts to escape from the labyrinth of Beola's twelve pinnacles. One attempt only I shall mention, and it was indeed near being the last. A deep and barren valley opened before me, closed in on the opposite side by a lofty mountain, but as far as the eye could reach, there was no appearance of cultivation or of human dwelling. Was this but a sinuosity of the Bennabeola group of mountains? This I could not tell; but if I could only round another of Dr. Boate's twelve "hommocks," with each and every one of which it appeared that I was destined to make my acquaintance, then possibly the problem might be solved; and this would be greatly facilitated, could I only descend into a small heathy ravine which separated it from me. Creeping cautiously under the brow of the "hommock" that was nearest, I commenced the descent. As I proceeded the declivity became more and more steep: at length it was fearfully abrupt; a little farther and it was impossible to advance another step. A loosened stone rolled down, and continued to roll to a fearful distance. My notions of the depth of the ravine, and of the inclination of its side, were illusory. The slope had already, perhaps, reached an angle of 60°, and a little further on the descent, for all I knew, might have been perpendicular. I lay on my back against the mountain, yet I felt that I was

almost erect, and had no other support than what I obtained by burying my heels into the loose gravel. I had gone too far, and it appeared equally impossible to move with safety either way. Now I understood the warning of the quarrymen against the danger of being "clifted." It was useless to cry for help. No human help was within reach. Nor was it the spirit of Beola which I now invoked. The moment was too serious for imaginative invocations. In the course of a life not free from vicissitudes and perils both by land and sea, never before or since did danger seem to me so near and so appalling. Suffice it to say, that after a while I managed with some difficulty to change my position, and was fortunate enough to clamber up in safety; but never can I feel sufficiently grateful to the hand to which I owed my escape.

At length, after enormous fatigue, I reached a point which revealed a picture that at once obliterated every sense of weariness and danger. The valley of Glen Inagh lay at my feet, deep embosomed among mountains, the dark and barren sides of which were furrowed with ravines and beds of torrents; while below were some few patches of green; and at the base of the mountain to the right lay a silvery lake, with two small islets covered with wood. How tranquilly its waters slept! How beautiful were those two tufts of foliage in the midst of so much barrenness! How lonely and grand was the scene! How soft the tint spread over the valley by the veil of azure gauze which seemed to hang between! How much loveliness surrounded by so much sublimity! Lough Inagh, I earned this first glimpse of thy beauty well, but I felt myself repaid!

Looking from the brow of Ben-scalpa-diva (the mountain of black caverns), where I then stood, it was some time before I could discern the roof of a cabin in the glen below. I discovered one, however, and towards it the cravings of hunger prompted me to direct my course. The way was still long, the evening far advanced, and it appeared as much as my remaining strength could do to bring me to the spot where, instead of a single cabin, I soon discovered three or four wretched hovels, scattered a little apart from each other. To recross the mountains, and return to Ballinahinch Castle that night, was out of the question; but, having reached one of the cabins, I found a group of old women and children, seated on a dry dung-heap outside, and I sunk down quite faint upon the same couch with the rest. Not one of them spoke a word of English, but I fortunately knew enough of our country's language to explain my wants: to tell that I had lost my way among the mountains, and was dying of hunger. A few cold potatoes were produced—they were the most delicious food I had ever tasted—and having obtained, but with much difficulty, owing to the wretched accommodation which the cabin could afford, permission to occupy a wad of straw, or rushes, for the night, I was told that the men, who were working some miles away, would be soon home, and that one of them was a good scholar, and "spoke English fit for a lord." In the mean time, a large fire was made, a plentiful pot

of potatoes was hung over it; and to make matters more cheerful still, I sent a ragged urchin to procure some whiskey, to do which, in his journey to the nearest shebeen house and back, he had to run a distance of at least ten Irish miles.

While these things were in progress, I could hear two of the old crones, who were busily engaged knitting, enumerate the misfortunes that I had escaped on the mountain. "Wasn't it lucky the fog didn't come on him," said one; "or that he did not tumble down one of the cliffs," said the other; "or that he did not come across the *fear gurthach*," resumed the former. "*Wirra stru!*" moaned her companion, "he might have lain dead there above this month to come, and no body to find him." I well knew that the *fear gurthach*, or hunger-grass, was regarded as the most formidable danger of all; for had I the misfortune to walk over it, according to their ideas, I would have immediately fainted, and died of hunger if no one was near to apply some kind of food to my lips.

The view around us, as seen from the cabin door, was majestic in the extreme. On the right rose the vast and gloomy masses of the Twelve Pins, from which I had just escaped—Ben-scailpa-diva, already mentioned, and Ben Cullagh, and Benbawn, and Ben Corr—and among their dark recesses were Glen Cuileann, or the ravine of the holly-tree, and that of Scalpan-Colomb, or the pigeons' cavern, where outlaws often found a safe retreat in by-gone times; and into which latter ravine, as far as I could ascertain, I was attempting to descend when I had so narrow an escape from breaking my neck. On the opposite side of the valley Ben-y-vriccán reared its gigantic head above a stratum of white cloud, like a rocky island belonging to some other world; and extending from it easterly were the high ridges of Maam Tuirk and Maam Ean, with their intervening summits, and beyond these Bun-an-cnoic—all composing the lofty chain of mountains which separates Conamara from Joyce-country. In front the valley was closed by the bold outline of Cnoc-mor-y-Cartan, whose dark sides were reflected in the waters of Lough Inagh, and its sister lake of Derry Clare; and behind us, to the west, a large mass of the Bennabeola group shut out the sun's rays long before the orb of day sunk into the Atlantic.

Turn we now from the grand view of nature outside to the scene within the cabin, where, on the return of the men from their labour, the whole population of the hamlet gathered together.

An inventory of the moveable property within was easily taken. There were two three-legged stools, of which one was assigned to the stranger, and the other was occupied by the *fear-an-tighe*, or man of the house. Of the rest of the company some were squatted on the floor, and others reclined in various attitudes against the wall. There was a table, which depended as much for support upon the wall against which it rested, as upon its own rickety legs; and besides these articles there were—a woollen wheel, deficient of a leg, the pot and pot-hooks, a tub, a skib, or round, flat piece of

wicker-work, on which the potatoes are cooled; a straw rope from wall to wall supported an old apron, and the remains of a blue cloak; and, finally, a broken jug and solitary noggin stood on a shelf in a rude recess of the mortarless wall. There were two doorways, but only one door; the aperture to the windward being closed with a straw mat, against which some rubbish was piled on the outside, so as to exclude the blast; while the door, being suspended loosely on hooks, was made to do duty on either side, according as the wind changed. This is a contrivance frequently resorted to in Conamara. An ass was tied up in the end of the cabin farthest from the fire, and a pig was a joint occupier of the same corner, but enjoyed its liberty, and moved in and out of the cabin in a restless manner. Everything betokened abject poverty—poverty of which no one could tell the beginning or foresee any end. It was quite unnecessary for the man who "spoke English fit for a lord" to explain to me, as he did with humility, that the misery of the cabin was the sole cause why the women had, at first, hesitated about offering me its hospitality. No apology, I assured him, was required.

After I had been regaled with potatoes and eggs and some goat's milk that had been brought in from a neighbouring cabin—while I could observe that the family had no "kitchen" with their potatoes but a grain of salt—the conversation became general and cheerful. The man who was so good a scholar, and "spoke English fit for a lord," interpreted my words to the rest, but I confess his Irish was more intelligible to me than his English, the latter was so indifferent. He was a fine-looking middle-aged person, with a bright, intellectual countenance, and had once or twice in his life travelled so far eastward as Galway. Another man in the group had beautiful eyes, and his scanty clothing disclosed white and finely-turned limbs fit for an Antinous. There was only one youthful specimen of the fair sex present, and she appeared to be the mistress of the cabin. Her features were good; and, like most of the Conamara women, her carriage was graceful.

I then learned that in another week there would be no inhabited house at the head of Glen Inagh, as Mr. Martin wanted the place for a sheep-walk; and the men had in fact been that day cultivating a spot many miles away, at the foot of Cuilmore, whither they were to remove in a few days with their households.

By-and-by the gorsoon with the whiskey arrived, and delivered the bottle discreetly to me behind backs. A wisp of hay supplied the place of a cork, but a fear that the stranger might be a gauger in disguise prevented the messenger from getting the genuine kind, so that instead of potteen we had to put up with the "parliament" stuff. A difficulty then arose. There was no drinking vessel in the house smaller than the noggin and the broken jug. The other cabins were searched, but in vain. The broken jug was still the smallest measure that the hamlet could produce. In this emergency the man with the Antinous legs and dark eyes called for an egg, from which he broke off the top carefully, and having swallowed the contents,

he presented me with the shell for a drinking-cup. The contrivance answered admirably. The whiskey was distributed; the evening passed away in the best of good humour; the company departed early; and after many marks of courtesy, I was shewn to my apartment, which was a dark hole behind the hob, where I slept comfortably on some fresh-pulled sedges, the family sleeping as usual on some loose straw spread before the hearth. . . . On the third day after I had left on my excursion to the Twelve Pins, I was returning along the road from Clifden to Ballinahinch, when I observed that my presence produced some sensation among the people working in the fields. I could hear them say, "That is the gentleman that was lost in the mountains." I asked an intelligent lad whom I met what was the reason people were looking at me so earnestly.

"Sure, sir," he replied, "everybody thought that you were clifted or died in the mountains, and messengers were sent from the castle every side with a description of you, to try could you be found anywhere, dead or alive."

"What description did they give of the person that was lost?" I asked.

"He was a small gentleman," said the boy, not looking at me, but appearing to repeat something that he had got by heart; "with a drab shooting jacket, and a cap of the same colour; and——"

"And what else?" I enquired.

"A long nose, and very red hair," replied the boy.

"There is no denying the identity," thought I, "but surely it was not necessary to call attention to the long nose and the red hair."

M. H.

THE WILD GEESE.

BY THOMAS DARCY MAGEE.

I.

"WHAT is the cry so wildly heard,
Oh mother dear, across the lake?"
"My child, 'tis but the northern bird
Alighted in the reedy brake."

II.

"Why cries the northern bird so wild,
Its wail is like our baby's voice?"*—
"Tis far from its own home, my child,
And would you have it then rejoice?"

III.

"And why does not the wild bird fly
Straight homeward through the open air;
I see no barriers in the sky—
Why does she sit lamenting there?"

IV.

"My child, the laws of life and death
Are written in four living books;
The wild bird reads them in the breath
Of Winter freezing up the brooks.

V.

"Reads and obeys—more wise than man—
And meekly steers for other climes;
Obeys the Providential plan,
And humbly waits for happier times.

VI.

"The Spring that makes the Poet sing,
Will whisper in the wild bird's ear;
And swiftly back, on willing wing,
The wild bird to the north will steer."

VII.

"Will they come back, of whom that song
Last night was sung, that made you weep?"
"Oh, God is good, and hope is strong;
My son, let's pray, and then to sleep!"

* In Thompson's "*Natural History of Ireland*," the call of the wild swan is compared, when first heard, to the voice of "a young child crying."

THE O'BYRNES OF WICKLOW.

BY E. P. MAC CARTHY, ESQ.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

PART SECOND.

"Feagh M'Hugh of the mountain—
Feagh M'Hugh of the glen—
Who has not heard of the Glenmalur Chief,
And the feats of his hard-riding men?"

T. D. M'GEE.

THERE is little doubt but that every Governor of the time profited by the intimation, though not with Fitzwilliam's shameless corruption. But let us follow the course of events in which Feagh was concerned. He appears to have lived in a kind of truce with the Government, Heaven knoweth how hollow upon its side. Feagh was let alone, because he must be tolerated for a more convenient season: meanwhile hunting seminaries, and massing priests, and recruiting congregations by beat of drum for empty churches, occupied the castle. The attack upon Sir Piers Fitzgerald by his son-in-law first disturbed his quiescence. His protection drawing to an end, in May 1594, he wrote to the Deputy apprising him of it, and as he knew nothing of the attack upon Sir Piers, he demanded, instead of a renewable protection, a full and speedy pardon. To this letter, no reply was given; but a week after, writing to the Privy Council, the Deputy thinks it high time to take Feagh down, and remove from the state so great a blemish, "when he is expulsed, the cheife receptacle of the traytours in Leynster will be broken."

The will existed, but not the ability. The Government temporized, leaving Feagh in uncertainty whether it was to be still an armed peace or open war. He was determined to have an answer, and in July 1594, not trusting the Castle again, he wrote to Burghley, again denying any complicity with the deeds of Walter Reaghe, and promising to restrain his people and followers, and live a peaceful subject henceforward. He seems to have been in earnest, and must have deprecated the atrocity which compromised himself so heavily. The pledges of his expired protection were in the power of the State, one of them his brother, the other his son; for by the certificate of Stephen Segar, the constable of the Castle, of the 7th August 1594, Geoffrey M'Hugh and James M'Feagh were then in his custody. Promise or pledge availed nothing at the Castle. It held the pledge—withheld the protection. If Feagh "and the rest" took it into their heads to be obstinately peaceable, how could Loftus, Harrington, and Lee, and all the rest of the hungry pack, be provided for? These three worthies had been helped to large slices off his possessions. The Castle, dreading a possibility of Feagh's direct overtures being listened to favourably—the very same paper conveying the announcement of his pledges being still in the hands of the government—took the elaborate care of reviving all of his past, designating him "a known malefactor in former tymes,

and he doth still give proof of his further bad intentions by standing aloof, and shunning to come into the state, and by adhering openly to Walter Reaghe, his son in law, a notable traytor and murderer."

The next who interposes his regrets and wishes to Burghley, is the merciless Bingham. Conaught was not wide enough—he fain would have the kingdom—as the theatre of his atrocities. He regrets the Deputy, then Sir William Russell, "had not come better prepared with men and money, as all Ulster being on bad termes, and the tratoure Feaghe M'Hugh likewise, wishing at any hand that the vile tratoure may be rooted out, his rebelyons doe yerelie charge her Majesty, and undoe many an honest subiect, and it were better dispend somewhat (if *otherways* it may not be done) to overthrowe him once." The "*otherways*" are suggestive of Tady Nolan's proffer to Perrott, which we read was connived at, from the throne downwards to the lowest minion, who was ready to imbrue his hands in blood, and do stealthy murder for a premium.

The poverty of the State, and its absolute destitution of any means of defence, with the nervous apprehension of Spanish aid to the confederation of Ulster chiefs, with whom they were well-informed Feagh had close relations, determined the granting of his pardon, but fettered with the stipulation, he should give pledges for the future peace of Walter Reaghe, and all of his own followers. Feagh insisted the pledges already in, were sufficient. The State affected not to think so. Keeping Feagh in suspense might assure his neutrality, and prevent his being influenced by the Ulster chiefs. But in October, 1594, the sheriff of Carlow wrote to Russell that Bryan oge O'Rorke had actually passed through Dublin itself to the north, coming from Feagh, and upon the Saturday previous Feagh "had warned all his contrie from sixteen to sixty to meet him with armor and weapon; what his meaning els is I know not; this contrie groweth troublesome by nightes, forces I have none to doe service with, which I leave to yor. ho. to think of." Ten days subsequently, the same watchful sheriff, (who, by the way, was one Joshua Mynce, and who—did we indulge in a pun at his cost—was made mince-meat of in Conaught some time after,) informed the deputy that messengers were continually passing between O'Rorke and Feagh.

"My intelligencer is one neare to Feagh, and such a one as is touched with matters, and I dare not presume to deale with him, without yor. warrant, which I beseeche you to send me, when God willinge, I shall cutt him off by the intelligencer's meanes."

As one of the articles of complaint preferred by O'Donell, and sent about the same time to the Earl of Ormond, refers to this correspondent, and is somewhat illustrative of him and the period, we give it:

"In the time of the last O'Donell in Lord Grey's government, in lieu of the Queene's rent, one Capten Mince with his company tooke every day, besides sheepe, butter, bread, and milcke, seaven principall beeves for their diet, weh with the prayes they tooke then out of Eneshown cometh to £4500 over and above their pay and diet: and when O'Donell saw that through their extortions, and their kill-

ing and preying of his followers, the cuntrey were all wasted, he entreated for his removal, and one Capten Boen went in his place."

Neither Mynce nor his intelligencer were forgotten, for coward plotting had peculiar attractions for the Deputy. He deferred attention to them, while he and the council were striving to wheedle Tyrone into their hands from the North, "to settle inconveniences." But that astute diplomatist was not to be trapped with such chaff. He knew their purpose was to thrust him into prison, for which baseness special direction was given from England. He, too, kept a staff of spies, and was regularly apprised of the most secret plottings. On the 8th November, 1594, the Deputy informs Sir Robert Cecil of "the temporizing courses wee are here enforced to hold with the Earle of Tyrone and the rest, but wee had better successe with Feagh M'Hughe, but no good can be done upon them without forces out of England."

The "better successe with Feaghe" must have been the prospect of fulfilment of the "intelligencer's meanes," for it looms in Sir Geoffrey Fenton's letter to Burghley, of the 5th December, 1594:—

"Yf yt weare not for these stormes in Ulster the Lo. Deputy might have a notable opportunity to call Feaghe M'Hughe to reason, who nowe enterteyninge straye intelligence with the Earle, dependeth wholly upon his courses, and hathe sett him self to ronn his fortune, so as till the cloude of the North be broken, there is no dealing with him nor his beggerly rabble of these mountynes."

The ensuing day, Russell writing to Burghley, acknowledges her Majesty's letter "of reprehension of error in the late dealing with Tyrone." The tigress was furious at Russell's not seizing him, when in Dublin the August previous. He reminds her majesty, through Burghley, of the weak and defenceless state of the kingdom. The whole Pale is ready to revolt; Tironé has a large force in arms, with a contingent of two thousand Scots. Her majesty's direction for calling the Earl upon his allegiance, was followed, but it was disregarded.

"And as concerning Feagh mak Hugh and Walter Reoghe in respect we might not have such pleges as we thought might here after bridell them, wee have left them to themselves, and I think my self greatly bound to your Lo. that yt plazed you answer so favourably in my behalf to her Matie; we have but only 30 of Sr. Thomas Norris company, with 30 horse to defend or offend Feaghe or Walter Reoghe. The souldiours are only to receive halfe their pay, the rest to be payed them of such spoyles as they can gett out of Feagh mak Hugh's countrye."

Feagh was to be left to himself, but not to be left alone. In passive submission, or open revolt, no matter; it was settled that the discontent of the army was to be appeased in the plunder of the Glens. We have Bingham again intruding upon Burghley, Decr. 6, 1594.

"I would wishe (Right honourable) that this beggard traytoure Feagh mac Hugh might be pulled down, for he is held up verie stronglie, committing dalie so many treasons and most execrable deeds, and yet every man can say he is not hable to muster above 800 men; for my owne parte I have always marvelled why he should be suffered but could never finde the reason, untill both Ulster and this traytoure be either suppressed or brought to obedience this Realme will contynue verie broken."

Returning to the Deputy, we find him scheming and temporizing with Feagh too, for at the very moment he was planning the subsidising the army in the ruin of his country, he was writing to Feagh about his additional pledges, preliminary to his pardon. Upon the 12th Decr. 1594, Feagh replies to the Deputy, that having two pledges in before, and having well considered to what end a new pledge was required, it breeds in him "a great mistrust come hard course is intended," but he is "still quite readie to perform the dutie of a faithful subject." Probably with Feagh's letter came one from Walter Reagh, undated, but marked received by the Deputy upon the 16th Decr. Walter writes:

"It is told me your honor is greatly offended with Feagh M'Hugh and with me for the spoyles and hurtes that are done since your coming into Ireland, it is no marvell my Lo. for it wold grieve anie man that had anie government and yor. honor who hath the government of all Ireland cannot be well content to heare the like done hard by yor. nose, and as for my part if that I deserved anie displeasure from yor. hor. by word or deed since yor. coming, shewe mee neyther frendship nor favor: if not, I humbly crave you not to follow other mens causes upon mee, and my offer in my submission I will fulfill, if it be taken from mee; and as for Feagh mac Hugh, I undertake, yf he were put out of feare once, that Leynster was never quieter then it would be now, for none else dare do anie thing yf he had his pardon, for I protest before God, yt is not he that doth procure or cause anie man to do anie mischief, but only this, because it is told him that he shall have neyther protection nor pardon, and that is the cause that he doth suffer anie thing to be done neere him. And as others would have you to sett upon Feagh, and that he would be banisht out of his cuntrey. I know my L. you may leave neyther woman nor child nor no worldly gudes with him; but when he hath nothing left, what will he doe, but kill woman and child, and burne the poore subjects, and that to no profit to him nor to none els: And therefore my L. yt were better to have all in peace and quiett, and to bend him to yor. peace, for he will be bound to yor. hor. as you will desyre, so that you will gett him his pardon, and I humbly beseech you not to forgett me, for I will serve you and my prince during lyfe to the uttermost of my power, and this is as much and all, that I can offer or performe, in satisfaction of the hurtes he hath done, beseeching you to accept thereof, I shall desire to knowe, yf we need to feare these garrisons which lye hard by us, for the poore tenants we have are flying away for feare."

Walter was judiciously silent about his antecedents; reference was unnecessary; they were well remembered for him. Both letters appear to be efforts to extract some guarantee of the intentions of the government, rather than servile submissions, that they may regulate their future accordingly. No replies were given. It was indifferent to the *arrière pensée* of the castle, whether they became Quakers or brigands. Money was needed, and so was land. Both exigencies were to devastate the Glens, and root their rightful owners out. Before we reach that time, so close upon us, we must read another letter from Russell to Burghley, of the 27th December, 1594, paving the way to the project: "Of late one Murtagh oge, a principall gent. of the Cavanaghs, came, and simply submitted himself unto her Maties. mercie. It is thought his coming in will stop a great gapp in the borders neer Feagh mac

Hugh, and cut off the hope Feagh conceived of strengthening him self by him. I have therefore held it convenient to shew him the more favor, in hope the example thereof may encourage others"—concludes with the usual lament of no money, and will not be able to borrow any. The mayor and aldermen of Dublin, with very great difficulty and reluctance, advanced a little. One of his earliest letters in the ensuing January, without going into details, tells Burghley he is "likelie to give Feagh a blowe before anie forces come from the north to him." The plot with Minco's intelligencer is ripening to bursting. Upon the 15th January, again to Burghley, the Deputy writes:

"I am given to understand that Feagh Mack Hugh is at the present verie weak and loketh for some forces out of the north, but if promys be kept with me, I am like to give him such a blowe before they com as they will hav littell ioye to com, hoping that your Lo. will hav such cayer of us as the necessitie of the time requireth."

Feagh's long and uninterrupted friendship with Tirone, and his restless partizanship, harassing the Pale, and dividing the attention of the Government, whenever an expedition to Ulster was decided upon, hastened on the plot, which was still dependent upon the promise of a suborned wretch, with whom the Deputy did not scruple to have confidential relations. The next letter proclaims the *dénouement*. 23rd January, 1595, Deputy and Council to the Privy Council.

"The old cankered traytor Feagh M'Hughe being notoriously known to have bin a most daungerous Rebelle to her Matie., and for many years the gall of Leynster and principall disturber thereof, wee have often tymes considered how hee might be cut off, and so greates a dishonour taken away from the State in the eye of the world. This hath bin no small care in some of the precedent governors of this Realme, and no lesse desyer in some of us assisting them for their tymes in the course of their government. But through many impediments partly of the tyme, and partly of her Matie's. other affairs, the matter hath bin putt off from one tyme to another, and rather rested in delyberacion then it coud be made fitt for execucon, untill of late uppon a draught made by Hughe Duffe McDonell an auncient ennemye to Feaghe, and neere neighbor, I the Deputie accompanied with Sr. Robert Gardener, Sr. Robert Napper, and Sr. George Bourchier, whome I drewe out under coollor of hunting, and travelling all the night wee fell before the dawninge of the day on Feaghes chief house called Ballynecor, having before directed such of her Matie's. forces as wee thought meete for the action to meete us there, which they did accordingly. There were within the house (as wee understood by good espyall) Feaghe himself, his wife, and all his sonnes, with Walter Reoghe and many other of their principall followers, who wee hoped wold all have fallen into our hands, or at least the greatest number of them, for that wee had so beset the house as wee saw no reason that they should escape, neither had they escaped, had it not bin that one of the Captains whome with his company wee sett to garde that parte of the house which was most suspicious for them to issue out, and make escape uppon anie suddene alarme, by transgressing this direction, left his place assigned him to keepe, and giving assalt to the house before his tyme, gave them means to passe away, even by that part which he was appointed to garde. Nevertheless, the house was entred and taken, and a garrison placed therein for her Matie, whereby the traytors being dislodged and left to the succour of their glynnes and fastnes,

wee have proclaymed them and are now in hand to prepare a proseucon against them with force, to which end wee have sent for the Earle of Ormonde, being a borderer uppon some part of these fast contreys where they keepe, that wee may better establish the proseucon, and consider by what course to proceed therein, being bold in the meanwhile to acquaint your LLs. with this much. I the deputie intende, God willinge, to take the field and marche towards their fastnes by the first of the next moneth at the furthest, and would go sooner weare yt not for the comings of the Earle of Ormonde, to take order with him how he and his forces may come uppon the enemy by an other way, and so humbly beseeching your LLs. to hasten away some rounde proportion of treasure, I take leave."

Wellington, after Waterloo, could not have been so exultant as the egotistical Deputy, whose joy at having effected something, made him forget he had sunk into being the accomplice and agent of treachery and of infamy, in which two judges by their presence participated. Every hungry parasite out of the castle, having visions of sylvan scenery, were already parcelling out the Leinster Highlands, and affecting to catch infection from the elated Deputy, were freighting each packet with their praises. As samples of disgusting sycophancy, they may be curious.

The despatch to the privy-council was not sufficient. A private letter of the 24th January, tells Burghley of

"My harrissing iorney that I hav made upon Feagh, and how I hav dispossessed him of his strongest house, and that I mean God willing the first of the month to be in the field. I refer you to the letter we hav sent to my Lords of the Council, having not any forces at this present but such as ar found by the countrey, and all meer Irishes, wherein there is no greates sauffy, considering we goe agraynst such an eniyme as hath hadd the killing of so many of our nation."

One other despatch of this notable assault, from an actor in it, without which the narrative would be incomplete—Sir Ralph Lane, Muster-Master-General, Surveyor of Parish Clerks, Inspector of Bell-Ringers, &c. &c., to Burghley, 25th January:

"Albeit yo Lo. I am sure standeth certified of the late happie surprise of Ballynecor,* to the greates commendacon no les of his wisdom, in the secret carriage of the enterprise, even unto the Traitors denn, then of his value in the passinge of the difficulties of the same, nevertheless I was one of the few of my sorte that accompanied him, and that rather by chance then by any meaninge that I should have ben more partie to the same then the meaneest of the State here. In generalitie the matter was well carried, and that ther was made a very narrow misse of the Traitors heade, with two of his sonnes, his wyffe, and three score persons more, which escaped forthe by a secret sally on the backe side of the housse, whilst the fore parte was assailed and entred by the souldiers, who, greedy of spoile (though but little worthe), lost the better prize. But in such nightly enterprizes, consisting of so sundry partes and companies from sundrie quarters, so farr distant to meete at one instant, everye thinge cannot fall out as woulde be wished, but God be praised for this good beginninge, and He in His mercie bless the end of it proportionallie with like happie

* Angled, the town of the Weir, was the chief residence of the O'Byrne.

successes : to the rootinge oute of the most pernicious sept of traitoures that ever wore planted in so faste a cuntrye, so neere and so dangerous to the State, especiallie upon any forren invasion that mighte have ben attempted, the same open and ready at all tymes for the place of a safe and sure stande for the invaders, whosoever or how many soever. After my Lord Deputie was entred the house and seased upon every parte of it, the beggars made many shotte out of their muskets, all the tyme of my Lo. Depie. his restinge ther, which was some six or eight houres, but without any losse to us, savinge one man slaine oute righte, and three or foure hurte, and one of our shott casually, in the thickett of the wood, shotte a Semynary Prieste through the brains : And Rose O'Foole, Feagh's wife which was next him crose her breste, as one of Feagh's men that is come in to my Lo. Depie., then in the place by her hath confessed, but her hurte is not greate. The first of the next month my Lo. Depie., with the favour of God, beginneth his iorney for the unkenelling of the wolfe out of his denm of Dromkitt,* distant three-quarters of a myle from Ballinecorr, my selfe commaunded (as it is reason I shoulde) to attend upon the service, and beinge enforced since my comminge into Ireland, as at the instante upon daily likelyhoodes of iorneyes, to keep tenn horses heare in Dublin continually in my stables, and tenn horsemen upon nine pence a daie a peece, and four shillings for my selfe. I am thereby enforced humble to appeale for some her Maties. most gratiose releefe unto me by yor. Lpps. most honorable mediacion."

It was impossible for Lane to conclude a letter without making the peroration the channel of a request of some sort. After his dismissal the habit became incurable; every day produced a begging-letter, praying for opportunity to pilfer again. With what *gusto* he narrates the midnight attack upon the home of a doomed man—the startled inmates escaping certain butchery by a miracle, flying in wild disorder—homeless, desolate outcasts. The *baitue* of the morning, when the poor proscribed priest (Feagh's guest, no doubt) was brutally murdered by wretches (not soldiers), with whom the appetite for blood and plunder supplied every quality which elevates the soldier. The desire of Russell was to expunge moderation and humanity, (if the terms were not obsolete then in Ireland), and convert men into demons. He reckoned on a twofold purpose—the destruction of all of Feagh's family, and the satisfaction, in the plunder, of the arrears owing to his force. In both he was then disappointed. He placed a garrison at Ballinacor, and a camp at Bray, where Lane commanded a company, who, announcing his additional luck to Burghley, vows, with all the piety of a Crusader, he "will, with the favor of the Almighty, unkenelle the woulfe and his whelps, without any encrease of charge to her Matie," but not of demand, for the usual hint and request ensue. There can be but little doubt but that Feagh sent an express to Ulster, to bear the tidings to his then only friends, of the restraint of his protection and pardon, and the attack upon him, without one single provocation offered by him. The supposition is strengthened by Russell apprising Burghley, dating from Ballinacor, the 6th February, that "the Rebels of the Northe have fully disclosed their combination with Feagh,—thinks they

* Anglicè, the Cat's-back Mountain, a majestic object in the scenery of Glenmalur.

will try and succour him, but before that happens, intends to hunt him down in his glynnes." If ever one faint glimmering of Feagh's making terms with the State existed, Tirone's interest in him effectually extinguished it, and determined his ruin. Feagh destroyed, Tirone would be sensibly weakened. Upon the 2nd February, Tirone, apprised of the capture of Ballinacor, writes from Dunganon to Loftus and Gardener, that he would not accompany the gentlemen of Ulster to Dundalk—that "all of them are impatient, seeing Feaghe proclaimed a traitor." More decisive still, on the same date, he writes to Sir Edward Moore: "The gentlemen of Ulster have assembled, and annexed to the conditions of their former petitions the name of Feagh M'Hughe;" and with those letters came the amended "Articles of Demands" of the Ulster chiefs, with Feagh's name included. Here was the gauntlet chivalrously and generously flung down. They spurned conditions, they abjured peace, unless their trusty ally Feagh participated equally with themselves in its advantages. Here was a dead lock. Tirone was more than 6000 strong, and could command a contingent of 4000 or more Scots. Spain, too, might send her thousands. The colonists had not above 1500 to oppose them. What was to be done? "Temporize," shouts Fenton, from the camp at Ballinacor, "the Brittany troops are coming—temporise until Allhallow-tide." The Deputy, not yet recovered from his transports for the inglorious capture of Ballinacor, could think of nothing else. Feagh, and his own exploit, divided his thoughts. "Only help me," says the Deputy, "to the woulfe of the mountaine, and there shall be universal peace." Was there no intelligencer ready "to drawe another draught," and win fresh laurels for the anxious Deputy? Money may yet compass his wishes. Captain Price, upon the 22nd February, to Burghley, quaintly dating from "The camp near Bayle ne Coore, where ink and paper is scant," tells he has been thinning out Feagh's woods and followers; that £100 was set upon his head, and £150 for him alive," that

"Sir Henrie Harrington went to parly with the tratoures Feagh used decent speeches, but Walter Reoghe used undecent bad skoffing speeches, saying, he repenteth him not of anye thinge that he hath done: they brought with them to the parlie, seven skore kirmes and galynglasses with two pipers playinge before them. We have spoyled, taken, and do possess all his townes in the contrie: and him selfe and his in to his strongest glynes wher we vissit him both daye and night with our bullets, we have kild and taken many of the best enymies, and his best followers have forsaken him, and in verie short tyme, with God's help, we will borrow his head from his boddie, or at the least banysh him for ever. Ther last refuge is to go to the rest of the Rebels in the North, as them Rebells doth give out. The L. Deputie hath caused to be made a verie strong fortification in Bayle ne coore, which is the chieff hows of Feach make Hewa, here, he eskaped at the first time from my L. Deputie. The ixth of this moneth the L. Deputie went throw Feach's strongest glynes and wee dyd sett Drome Kitt on fire, which was his strongest houlte as he had. About the viith of this moneth Walter Reoghes brother was taken alive, and is in the castle of Dublin, and the xiiith day we kild another brother of Walter Reoghes and vi other notorious traytors. The xth of this moneth wee kild one Remond make Shane a gret rebell, and a commander amongst the rebells, and of

livinge so moch as Feach had: being his cossin garmene, and wee did take and kill with him at that tyme fyve parsons which wer notabell thieves and morderers for the space of xxi years past. About the xvith of this moneth the towne of the Caven and Killmore was sett on fire with vi townes more in the Brenye by Mark Goyer and the yearll of Tere owens sonne and his brother with o Donnell. The good servis done by the L. Deputie uppon Feach and Walter Reoghe hathe made the rebells in the northe in great feare. And he dothe intend to make his jorney in to the north about the xiith of March next to serve against these rebel routes, and if we may have men and monye with speed, I dout not but we shall make a good and quick despatche of all the rebells in Ireland. And thus I most humblye be take you to the manyfoulde blessings of the Almighty God, to whom I praye from the very deapthe of my hart that your dayes in healtie may be prolonged, to the great comforte of all your frendes."

Upon the 25th February, Russell confirming to Burghley the devotional Captain's narrative, adds, "nowe that some of the best are entred into blood, I hope much good will come of yt, and *I am in deed promised by one, that Walter Reoghe's head shall be brought in before manie daies pass.* I have left four bands dispersed in that cuntry to prosecute those traytors, and meane to turne my self northwards verie shortlie." The Deputy had found another "intelligencer." Again was fame to be gathered to him by the basest treachery, without which we see he was utterly powerless. By the same vile means, he was then bargaining with another miscreant to assassinate Tirone, and blow up Dungannon. Such were the means he sought to confirm peace by, and propitiate a nation. He had then none other, for on the 26th February, he confesses to Sir Robert Cecil, "there is nothing now to hinder the rebelles from cominge to the gates of this cittie, unlesse my selfe make a jorney northwards, weh cannot be done without her Maties forces. I verie earnestly pray yor. ho. to further the sending of them and money." This destitution was well known to Tirone. Though an intrepid soldier, and skilful strategist, he lacked all the daring energy and enterprise of the hero, or he would have poured his legions into the Pale, and swept the intruders before him, until he hemmed them up with their Deputy in Dublin, before supplies could arrive. Keen, clever as he was, *this* was a fatal error; why committed we are only left to conjecture.

To add to his embarrassments, the Deputy finds himself censured for "his proceedings with the Rebells." On the 20th March, replying to the Privy Council, he says, "the last mislike of her Matie is my second going in person to the prosecucion of Feagh and Walter Reogh, without which yor. LL. may easily gather what service would have bene done, by the little that is done since my coming thence." If her Majesty's mislike was, that sufficient service was not performed, affairs for Russell began to look more cheering. On the 8th April he tells Burghley,

"Upon Saturdaie last Sr Henrie Harrington, and one Murtagh Mac Teige oge, did acquaint me with a draught of the said Murtaghs, for the taking of Walter Reogh. I wrote presently to some Captens, laid readie for such services in the parts thereabouts, to be with Sr Henrie on Monday

morning at Baltinglass, there to attend direction from him, it hath been Sr. Henrie's good happ, according to that plott of Murtagh's, to lyght uppon Walter Reogh where he lay, withdrawne from the rest of his companie, and hurt both in the shoulder and legges, so that he hath certainly taken him alive, and is readie to bring him hether to Dublin, as yesternight in the evening he sent me word by Mr. Charles Mountague his kinsman, who was with him and saw it."

Upon the 10th April, more communicative to the Privy Council, we are informed,

"The draught was made by Morough McTeige oge O'Birne, and he (Walter) was brought hether this daye. we have examined him of many thinges for her Maties service, wherein being not hable to draw any farther from him, we have caused him to be hanged in cheynes alyve for xxiv houres, meanning in this manner of punishment to make him a notable example of justice, as he was in his lyfe a notorius malefactor and traytor to her Matie, and as God hath given this wicked Rebell into her hands, so we hope the old fox Feagh and the residue of that rabble, are reserved for the lyke reckoning, wherein no endeavor shalbe spared on our partes."

The examinations of James and Walter Reaghe are already given, describing the escape of O'Donnell to the North. But Sir Henry Harrington, upon the 10th April to Burghley, materially corrects Russell's hurried account.

"The seventh of this month I had spiall brought me wheare I shoulde lighte uppon Walter Reoghe lyenge hurte: the draughte was drawne by Dermot M'Phelim Reoghe, the onlye trustye counsellor he had, and one of the four that carried him awaye after he had receyved his hurte. It hathe pleased God to dellyver him into my hands, now in her Maties mercie. The partie that sett this plott, sente the nexte day after Walter's takinge, that he would still kepe out, not doubtinge but that within feive dayes to bring me Feagh's heade with some of his sonnes; that done, our mountayne Rebells are at an end; the Lorde graunt it."

The "one of the four" could have been "one of the twelve," and saved a Judas from being eternally infamous. The treachery was done by an O'Toole, and not an O'Byrne. That mountain garrison was doubly watched; not a bird could leave it but it was noted. On the 22nd April, Russell tells Burghley how its surprise was attempted, "the garrison being greedie, issued forth to seize some cows, which the Rebells had used for a stale in hopes to gett the fort; vi or vii of the garrison were killed. This hath been requited by some heades, not worth naming, being of none accompte." "To seize some cows." Why not define it properly, and call it "steal?" The next is from Fenton to Burghley, 5th May, 1595:

"I was twenty three daise at the camp at Shyllelowe, and the borders of the Cavanaghs, expecting some blowe to be given to Feagh and his sonnes, weh assuredly would not be longe in doinge, if there were that soundnes in the borders that were requisytt. Being thrust out of their glynnes and fastnes, they devyde themselves into single troupes, fearing that one of them will betraye an other; they have now their succor onlie amongst the Borderers, and specially amongst the Cavanaghs and O'Byrnes, with whom they are nearly allyed by marriage, besides the straye bond of fosterage which with them bindeth faster than all other thinges, and yet before I left the camp many of them were dealt withall therein, from whom I hope of some good ser-

vice, the rather for that they knowe how farr they are to be charged with greate crymes, which they have no way to redeme but by drawinge bludd of the traytors. Since they were expulsed from the Glynnas, which was uppon good fryday last, they have lyved without foode other then that as is stollen to them by the Borderers, insomuch as before I left the campe, they began to eate horsflesh, which yet they cold not have but as they cold kyl some wyld studd ronning up the mountaynes; every daie some heades were brought into the camp, and many offered to come in, whom we refused, if first they did not service worthe of favor, and of these, some were employed to drawe the soldiers uppon Feagh and his sonnes, besides Feaghes wiffe was taken two dayes before my cominge away, by whom I hope service will be done uppon Feagh's worst sonne, named Tirlogh mac Feagh, for against her husband we cold not worke her to do anie thinge."

What a combination of suffering, and of cold-blooded atrocity, is revealed here. The people, melting away before famine and ferocity, craving for the peace and protection treacherously offered to them, were to be banned, and hunted, and shot down, unless they consented to purchase unstable peace, by the most revolting outrages upon the laws of God, and nature. Upon the 23rd May, the Deputy to Sir Robert Cecil:

"I returned from my late journey into the mountaynes the xvth of the present, having spent full fyve weekes in the prosecucion of Feagh and the rest of his rebellious accomplices, and though by reason of the great affection borne him by the borderers, they have so secretly relieved and harbored as we cold hitherto light neyther uppon Feagh nor anie of his sonnes, yet having taken his wyfe whom wee have brought prisoner into the castle, and discovered some of their favourers and relievers whom we have likewise brought in bonds: I am in good hoape that before my going into the North, though I meane to hasten thetherwards as soon as Sr. John Norris cometh hether, uppon whose cominge chiefly I stay, that we shalbe able to advertize better newes oute of those partes."

The next is to Burghley, 4th June. The Deputy still:

"Upon fryday the 30th of May were two heads brought in from Feagh, which were said to be foster brothers of his, and of verie good reckoning with him; at the same tyme they were lighted uppon by Capten Streetes company; Feagh himself was shott in the thigh and hurt with a skeyne in the bodie; for confirmation of this it is affirmed, that at that tyme they gott his helmet, and targett, and the sword out of his hand, which he threwe downe as they say to be the lighter for carriage."

At this very time, Feagh, probably to avert the destruction of his people, and though he could still rally no inconsiderable force, and was fully apprised of Tirone's successes, opened negotiations with Sir Henry Harrington for either pardon or protection. Harrington, following Fenton's precedent, and Russell's maxim of "making them cut the throats one of the other," also fettered the offer with most unnatural conditions. The negociator was Feagh's foster-sister; her attachment might have led her beyond her instructions, to offer a service which, if suggested by Feagh, irretrievably compromised him. No argument can explain away its infamy,—no admiration of his unyielding spirit and dauntless bravery can obliterate its atrocity.

Harrington to Russell:

"The first of this month [June] being at Newcastle I received a message from Feagh, the effect, *this*, that if I would

be meane to you for his pardon, or for the tyme a protection if the pardon could not be graunted, that then it would please you and the Councell to write to her Matie. in his favor, and he would do that service that you should think his life well bestowed. I demanded what the service was, and if I found it worthe preferring, I would do my best for him. The woman messenger being his foster sister replying, he that hath been the meane of his overthrowe, and the drawinge of his sonnes to the murder of Sr. Piers Fitz James was his sonne Tyrlogh, who he will deliver to the L. Deputy to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. I told her it was too meane for his lyfe and his sonnes, but if he would deliver me Morish mac Thomas Fitz Gerald to taste of the same cup, and Rory oge's sonne to remayne pledge for his dutifull behavior, with suche other conditions as I should sett downe to him, whiche should be for his good, agreeing to perform this I would travell for him. I looke for the messenger on Friday, not doubting but that he will performe as much as is required. Yor. L. to sign his protection for four monethes, and to wryte to her highnes in his behalf for his pardon."

Albeit this letter, there are more than probabilities to wipe this "damned spot" from Feagh's memory, and prove he was but ignorantly participating in its accomplishment, and that it was conceived in the Castle, and suggested to his wife, then a prisoner there under sentence, as a price of her reprieve. Tyrlogh was not her son, his two next brothers were married to her sisters, he was the eldest, but the fear of death, her own, and husband's safety, were more powerful motives than any speculations of interest. But all, united with disinterested confessions to be found in subsequent letters, absolve Feagh of all guiltiness in his son's sacrifice. Is it credible even, that knowing the utter helplessness of the Government, and Tirone's series of successes, and the likelihood of his mediation and aid, he would at such a time truck away a son's life for a few short years of his own? At that identical time, Lane told Burghley, "Ireland never stood in greater danger of being utterly lost—the Earle might marche to Dublin gates, and no force to resist him; in no memory either of the lyvinge or the deade in cronikle was the state in so greate peril."

"Here is nowe," [says Russell,] "an offer made by Feagh whch I cold like well to accept of, all things duly considered, but I am unwilling to deale therein without direction from thence, whch before I have received I doubt the opportunitee wilbe lost for these troubles of the North."

In a letter of a few days' later date, same to same, he writes:

"Feagh's possibylitie to offend hereafter, it is taken away by the infirmity of his body, being unwieldy and spent with yeares." The 4th July, Sir Robert Napper tells Burghley and us, that Feagh's "wife is attaynted of treason but not yet executed, Tirlogh his sonne and *heire* is to be executed by Sr. Henry Harrington's meanes, his other two sonnes married his wife's sisters, and *did ever malice this Tyrlogh*, who is respited for a small tyme uppon some hope of service. my L. Deputie at his departure left order, if Feagh committed any spoiles, she should be presentlie put to death, and appointed Sr. Henry to prosecute Feagh. If he were cut off or exiled to some parte of the North, and that part he dwelleth in inhabited with English, then there would be great hope of quietnes a long tyme in Lynster, whereas the O'Byrnes hard at our nose are noe wayes subiecte to the lawes."

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

LADY MORGAN; HER CAREER, LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

BY WILLIAM JOHN FITZPATRICK, ESQ., J.P.*

THERE is something so pleasant and genial in all our recollections of our gifted countrywoman, Lady Morgan, that we have seldom received a contribution to our literary history with greater satisfaction than when Mr. Fitzpatrick's carefully-written and well-timed Biography was placed in our hands. It is a good thing well done. It is hardly possible for the present generation to realize the idea of the virulence of the antagonistic feeling which those had to encounter who ventured to plead the cause of Irish nationality in Lady Morgan's early day, or who dared to advocate the rights of conscience and the common-sense principle which should govern mankind, of "doing unto others as they would wish that others should do unto them." She was one of a small but devoted Protestant band who fancied that there was nothing in the national creed which necessarily converted a good Catholic into a bad or disloyal Irishman, and with the prescience of genius she foresaw that the only sure way to elevate the nation was to strike the fetters from the limbs of that section of its people which they galled without correcting. The senator who moved that a Catholic petition should be made a football of, and kicked from the Irish House of Commons, was only the type of a class who had so long enjoyed the supremacy of power that they could not tolerate even the language of complaint. It is very true that the wisest and most far-seeing of the members of the ascendant creed felt and prophesied that the cause of "law and order" would be quite as safe in the hands of Catholic members, magistrates, judges, and high officials, as it has since proved to have been; but these were not the notions of those who had much to lose and nothing to gain by the manumission of their compatriots, and who insisted that *bouleversement* of all things, sacred and profane, must follow hard, and, as a matter of course, on the injudicious attempt to extend the benefit of constitutional rights to men who had never done anything to forfeit them. We can now, happily, afford to smile at these absurdities; but we must not, at the same time, forget that those who, like Sidney Owenson, undertook to combat them, found the conflict anything but a joke. In fact, they formed the *bête noir*—the black spot, of her life. She was allowed to be a good story-teller, but a bad politician; and when her adverse critics could find nothing to blame in her characters, they fell foul of her theology. They were too angry to limit themselves within the legitimate boundary of criticism, and extended to her habits, person, and peculiarities, those animadversions from which her sex should have protected her, and which, in all probability, in that fighting day, had

she been a man, would never have been ventured on at all.

Mr. Fitzpatrick begins his memoir *before* the birth of the subject of it, and we are thankful that he has done so, for his page is occupied by the re-appearance of a very clever and somewhat remarkable man, in the person of her father, who, like other actors, strutted and sweated his hours upon the stage, and then was heard no more—at least until his accomplished daughter's biographer revived his memory, and with it many a trait, person, tradition, and anecdote, which the readers of the book will be delighted to receive. Robert M'Owen—originally a Mayo land-steward—was one of those stage-struck heroes who looked upon the calling of a player as the *ne plus ultra* of human ambition, and who flung up a profitable situation, under Sir John Browne of Castle Margaret, in order to follow out his whim. He was fortunate in being distantly related to Oliver Goldsmith, who, with his usual good nature, received him kindly, introduced him to David Garrick, and ultimately procured him his heart's desire—"a first appearance on any stage." Unfortunate! He attempted to enliven the heavy tragedy of Rowe by his delineation of Tamerlane, and only made it still heavier than it was before, and, as a consequence, was advised "to try the provinces," which then, as now, is a polite form in which managers give actors to understand that they have failed. In the mean time, during his London visits, he procured two advantages—a new name, and an introduction to the Gerrard-street Club, which boasted of Goldsmith, Garrick, Johnson, Reynolds, and Burke, as its best men. And here we may pause to say that Owenson (for such was the name Garrick advised him to take) must have had something in him to be thought worthy of so distinguished an association. When his London prospects failed, he went to the country, and, while playing at Bristol, he married Miss Jane Hill. Of this marriage Sydney was the first issue, being born while her father and mother were "half-seas over," on a professional visit of the former to Ireland. We mean that she was literally born at sea, although, until Mr. Fitzpatrick ferretted out the date, we were altogether uncertain in what year. In Ireland, Owenson was well received, but not as a tragedian. He changed his hand to Irish character, and for many years occupied a first-rate renown. At that time, the Irish stage was an institution to be proud of. It was not the mere receptacle of foreign singing birds, who comfortably feather their nests and then fly off again; nor was it a mere English speculation, on the chances of which no hazard was to be run. The Irish stage, at the period referred to, was the nursery of great actors, who were not dismissed if a short adverse season curtailed the manager's profits; nor were the dramas produced on it bargained for on economical terms with English dramatic authors' societies, while not a shilling was ever expended in giving native dramatic talent a chance either of profit or fame. In fact, stage "centralization" was not then the order of the day, and one of the pleasant consequences of the want of it was, that Ireland sent to the English stage some of the best

* *Lady Morgan; Her Career, Literary and Personal, with a glimpse of her Friends, and a word to her Calumniators.* By WILLIAM JOHN FITZPATRICK, J.P. (London: Skeet. Dublin: W. B. Kelly.)

actors and actresses it ever possessed; while, on the other hand, it was equally a nursery for dramatists—the Murphys, Cumberlands, Sheridans, O'Haras, and O'Keefes—some of whom produced their first attempts in Dublin, and all of whom must have been excited and stimulated in their favourite pursuit by seeing constantly before them performers competent to embody the most perfect and difficult creations they could pen.

In Dublin, Owenson became deservedly popular, and was for many years enabled to rear his family, consisting of two girls, in a very respectable manner. He must have been a kind-hearted and benevolent man, and his good nature was practically evinced by his warm and lengthened patronage of the boy-poet Dermody, whom he rescued from beggary, procured him friends and means to forward his studies, and would have made a respectable man of, were it not that the object of his patronage yielded to natural propensities, which sent him early to his grave. Mr. Fitzpatrick's account of the connexion is exceedingly interesting, and gives us a vivid insight into the history of one of our native poets, about whom we have all heard, but of whom few knew anything accurate until now.

Lady Morgan's first published literary effort was a volume of poems, which she dedicated to the Countess of Moira, and which were well received. In this "spasmodic" age of poetry, when even poets-laureate write a great deal, which nobody pretends to understand, the simple and straightforward versification of Miss Owenson would be neither much cared for nor read. Bailey, Smyth, and Tennyson have taught us to underrate what we can comprehend; but, with all our deference for such sublime professors, we can still extend our admiration to the authoress of "Kate Kearney," and sigh over her supplication for mercy for her "Poor little sweep."

Spurred on by necessity, as she tells us, her next venture was the novel of "St. Clair, or the Heiress of Desmond," which was favourably received also. This brought on another—"the Novice of St. Dominick"—which extended her fame; and then issued forth her first great "hit,"—the "Wild Irish Girl"—which, like Byron's "Giaour," Scott's "Waverley," and Miss Bronte's "Jane Eyre," made our authoress famous in a single night. Neither, after all, is this to be wondered at. Novel readers were sick of the twaddle of the Minerva Press school, and had oversupped full of horrors with Mrs. Radcliffe and her imitators; Miss Edgeworth's delineations were still in embryo, and, as an Irish novelist, Miss Owenson had the field to herself. It must be acknowledged, too, that she chose her scene and subject well. An Irish prince, a ruined castle—fading fortunes and proud hearts; but, above all and before all, a spirited heroine, the very embodiment of Irish beauty, virtue, talent and whim—a sort of Hibernian Ariel, who managed to make every one do her "spiriting" as she listed, and made it as natural to love her as to eat, drink, or sleep. It was no wonder that, as a compliment to this charming creation, Glorvina hats, cloaks, and hair-pins speedily became the mode, just as "Dian-

Vernon" hats have become since; and, in truth, there is a sufficient family likeness between the two heroines—Irish and Scotch—to render it not improbable that Sir Walter may have had Glorvina in his eye when he composed Rob Roy. We know, on his own authority, that he read and liked "O'Donnell," and he may have gone back in his reading, and profited by the gatherings of his research. A short narrative of the origin and progress of that highly romantic novel, which threw the friends of Sydney Owenson into an ecstasy of admiration, may not be uninteresting. Mr. Fitzpatrick writes:—

"In 1805, she revisited Sligo and the adjacent scenes of her early joys and sorrows. In the barony of Tyreragh, and the deeply romantic shores of the Western coast of Ireland, beaten by the waves which roll unbroken from Labrador, Miss Owenson's imaginative mind found ample scope for its musings, at the most impressionable epoch of human existence. It is interesting to know that 'The Wild Irish Girl' was actually written among the scenes, the circumstances, and the people it describes. The story originally made an episode in a ponderous journal, kept by little Sydney from her school days upwards, as a means of communing with herself, simply because she had no one else to commune with, who understood her in 'her own way.' The accidents of remote Connaught cousinship with the family of Sir Malby Crofton gave her singular and obvious advantages. She spent several months under the hospitable roof of Longford House, and thus gained opportunities of graphically depicting, not only the wild and romantic scenery of the surrounding region, but of studying the graceful person, and endearing idiosyncracies of Sir Malby's accomplished daughter Elizabeth, afterwards Mrs. Colonel Northcote of Sligo. There can be no objection to now announcing the fact that this lady formed the prototype of Glorvina."

We further learn that Father John, the chaplain to the Prince of Coolavin, in the "Wild Irish Girl," was modelled in the character of the then Catholic Dean of Sligo, Dr. Flynn, afterwards Bishop of Achonry. "He was one of those learned and accomplished gentlemen of the Irish Catholic Hierarchy of that day whom foreign intercourse with European society, sent back to Ireland for its advantage and illustration—thus turning the penalties of its shallow and jealous Government into a national benefit."

"In the autobiography of A. Hamilton Rowan, there is an authentic conversation reported between Lord-Chief-Justice Clonmel and Mr. P. Byrne, bookseller, of Grafton-street, curiously illustrative of the unconstitutional terrorism which the executive of that day systematically exercised over the publishers of books having a patriotic or liberal tendency. Mr. Byrne having advertised the Trial of Hamilton Rowan for publication in 1793, was accosted non-officially by the Lord-Chief-Justice, and informed, 'If you print or publish what may inflame the mob, it behoves the judges of the land to notice it;' and again, 'Take care, Sir, what you do; I give you this caution, for if there are any reflections on the judges of the land, by the eternal G—I will lay you by the heels.' The publisher replied, 'I have many thanks to return your lordship for your caution!'

"Such grossly irregular interference of the Irish executive, soon reduced the publishing trade of Dublin to a state of almost utter prostration; and we are not surprised to hear from Lady Morgan, many years afterwards, that 'At the moment the 'Wild Irish Girl' appeared, it was dangerous to write on Ireland, hazardous to praise her, and difficult

to find a publisher for an Irish tale which had a political tendency. For even ballads sung in the streets of Dublin, had been denounced by government spies, and hushed by Castle sbirri; because the old Irish *refrain* of Eiren go Brach, awakened the cheer of the ragged, starving audience, who had much better have raised the chorus of Eiren go Bread. Graves were then still green, where the victims of laws uselessly violated, were still wept over by broken hearts; and the bitter disappointment of a nation's hopes, by the recent and sudden desertion of Pitt, the most powerful champion of Catholic Emancipation; which gave to ascendancy new power, and sunk Catholicism in deeper dependency, was only slowly yielding to the benign influence of a new and liberal administration of Irish affairs, during the temporary return to power of the Whigs, under the vice-royalty, of the Duke of Bedford. No work, however, of fictitious narrative, founded on national grievances, and born out by historic fact, had yet appealed to the sympathies of the general reader, or found its way to the desultory studies of domestic life. Miss Owenson having opened communication with Sir R. Philips, of St. Paul's Church-yard, the publisher of her first-born literary bantling, he not only consented to bring out "The Wild Irish Girl," but to pay something considerable for the privilege. Philips, however, had no sooner examined the work, than a panic filled his usually impassive temperament. 'The sentiments enunciated,' he said, 'are too strongly opposed to the English interest in Ireland, and I must withdraw from my original offer.' The work was offered to various publishers, and rejected by all, until Mr. Johnston of St. Paul's Church-yard, who had published the early novels of Miss Edgeworth, offered the delighted and astonished girl 300 guineas, with some extra sum upon future editions, for the copyright.

"The Wild Irish Girl" did not become immediately popular in London, but it soon crossed the sea to that native region, of which it was so racy, and in a short time few Dublin drawing-rooms were without it. To the silent study, also, this little tale became no stranger. Many masculine minds, fatigued beneath the weight of daily accumulating legal lore, sought 'The Wild Irish Girl' for relaxation; and although they at first took it up merely in the hope of enjoying a laugh at Miss Owenson's romance, and possibly at her expense, they soon found eye and heart rivetted to the page by subtle political argument. There had been a long and painful pause in the once uninterrupted flow of Irish national literature; the fire of Emmet's patriotism had been extinguished in his own blood. The rush of his eloquence, which continued even on the scaffold, had been cut short by the axe. Moore had not yet devoted his genius to the poetry of politics, nor sung the wrongs of Ireland to her own touching melodies, "thus awakening sympathies," as Lady Morgan herself said, "which reason could not rouse, and making the ear a passage to the heart and understanding." Doctor Doyle and Sheil were still at school; the outburst of O'Connell's wrathful eloquence had not yet reverberated through the land; Davis was not born: the Catholic Association was yet to awaken public opinion from the torpor of reiterated disappointment and hope deferred. It had not yet allayed the pangs of despair, nor accustomed the dull ear of a powerful oligarchy to the clanking of penal chains, or to the voice of remonstrance!

Seven editions of the "Irish Girl" in two years at once verified her popularity, and called for another effort from the same plastic hand.

In 1807, Miss Owenson published her "Patriotic Sketches of Ireland" in two volumes. It is easy to gather from this interesting work, that the fair author's traits were singularly and essentially Celtic. She regretted, among other refined national grievances, that the Harpers, the original composers and depositaries of the music of Ireland, should have ceased to be cherished

and retained by its nobility and gentry. She sorrowed to see that the warm, ardent spirit of national enthusiasm, which had hung delighted on the song of national melody, to which many an associated idea, many an endeared feeling, lent their superadded charm, should have faded into apathy, and that neither the native strain, nor the native sentiment which gave it soul, touched any longer on the spring of national sensibility, or awakened the dormant energy of national taste. Mr. Fitzpatrick writes:

"The second volume of the 'Patriotic Sketches' concludes with an amusing description of Thaddeus Connellan, who, as 'the Apostle of Lower Connaught,' and an Irish translator of some ability, acquired notoriety at a later period.—'My rambles and frequent conversations with the peasantry in the neighbourhood of L.—House,' writes Miss Owenson, 'have obtained me a degree of rustic notoriety to which I stand indebted for a visit from Mr. Thady O'Connell, a schoolmaster, highly esteemed and looked up to by his rural disciples.' Mr. Connellan introduced himself to Miss Owenson by saying that having heard she was fond of Irish composition, he wished to submit some of the Poems of Ossian, which were much at her service. 'The Irish,' he added, 'is the finest tongue in the world; the English can never come near it, and the Greek alone is worthy of being compared to it.' He then, with great enthusiasm, repeated the description of Fion's Shield in Irish, and Homer's description of the *Egis* of Achilles, giving the preference to the former; and Ossian's account of his father's hounds was, he contended, superior to the dogs of Ovid. Connellan declared his intention of translating the *Aeneid* and Terence into Irish. 'When I complimented him on the extent of his erudition,' writes Miss Owenson, 'and expressed my astonishment at his having acquired it in so remote a situation, he replied: 'Young lady, I went far and near for it, as many a poor scholar did before me; for I could construe Homer before ever I put on shoe or stocking, aye, or a hat either.' When he was a young man (he said) there were but few schools in Connaught, and those few but bad: and it was not unusual for eight or ten boys, 'who had the love of learning strong upon them,' to set off barefooted and bare-headed to Munster, where the best schools were then held; that they commenced their philosophic pilgrimage poor and friendless: but they begged their way, and that the name of *poor scholar* procured them everywhere friends and subsistence; that having heard much of the celebrity of a schoolmaster in the county of Clare, he and his adventurous companions directed their steps towards his seminary; 'but,' added Thady, 'it being a grazing country, and, of course, no hospitality to be found there (meaning that it was thinly inhabited), we could not get a spot to shelter our heads in the neighbourhood of the school; so, being a tight set of Connaught boys, able and strong, we carried off the school-master one fine night, and never stopped till we landed him on the other side of the Shannon, when a priest gave us a house, and so we got learning and hospitality to boot, and the schoolmaster made a great fortune in time, all Connaught flocking to him, and now here I am at the head of a fine seminary myself.' The Lyceum of this sage was a miserable cabin on the side of a desolate road. In this hovel he taught Homer and Virgil to a select portion of his bare-footed pupils, and a solid course of instruction to all. Miss Owenson's object in devoting an entire chapter to this subject, was no doubt to shew the passionate love of letters which has always characterized the native Irish."

In 1811, Miss Owenson presented the public with another three-volume novel, entitled "The Missionary." The story is open to objection; but the fault, we are

told, is in some degree attributable to the motley suggestions which her distinguished friends and listeners urged, and many of which the authoress, in compliment to a source so influential, laughingly adopted. According to Mr. Fitzpatrick,—

"This work was written at Stanmore Priory; and not a few grave statesmen, disenthralled for a few weeks from the cares and turmoil of office, loungingly abandoned themselves to the luxury of listening to Miss Owenson, as she read aloud her exciting and wildly romantic story. Among those present were Lord Aberdeen, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Ripon (then Mr. Robinson,) Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Devonshire; and on another similar occasion, the Princess of Wales, the Duc de Berri, and the ex-King of Sweden. It is a remarkable fact that Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was so fascinated by the author and her frail "Missionary," that he offered to accompany the young authoress to town, and having sent for Mr. Stockdale, of Pall Mall, the work was absolutely disposed of to that publisher for £400, in the study of Lord Castlereagh. The good nature of this distinguished statesman was the more remarkable, as Lady Morgan had repeatedly, and forcibly, denounced the Legislative Union, of which he was the chief director, as corrupt and calamitous, atrocious in its principle, and abominable in its means."

It was not, however, until the publication of "O'Donnel," a national tale, in 1814, that Lady Morgan's claims to take her place among the best novelists of the age, became cordially and universally recognised. "O'Donnel" was the vanguard of a host of Celtic ideal creations, profitable to study and worthy to imitate, which tended, in no small degree, to break down the Cockney prejudices which had so long existed, on the other side of the Channel, against Ireland. This novel displayed singular vigour of thought and knowledge of mankind; and whether we laugh at the native eccentricities of M'Rory, sigh for the vicissitudes of the gallant O'Donnel, or smile at the lavish nothingness of fashionable life, we must acknowledge that we are under the influence of a spell with which true genius alone could invest us." We may add that Sir Walter Scott, in his diary, fully endorses every line of this just eulogium. The object of "O'Donnell" was deep, and deserves a strong expression of national respect and gratitude. Her introductory remarks to the edition of 1835 inform us that the book was "undertaken with an humble but zealous view to the promotion of a great national cause, the Emancipation of the Catholics in Ireland. The attempt has been made the matter of grave censure, as a step beyond the position of the author, and foreign to the scope of the genus. To this canon of criticism I cannot yet subscribe. Novels, like more solid compositions, are not exempted from the obligation to inculcate truth. They are expected, in their idlest trifling, to possess a moral scope; and politics are but morals on a grander scale. The appropriation of this form of composition to purposes beyond those of mere amusement, is not new. A novel is especially adapted to enable the advocate of any cause to steal upon the public, through the bye-ways of the imagination, and to win from its sympathies what its reason so often refuses to yield to undeniable demonstration. Even those sectarians who have taken the highest measure of moral propriety, and

exclude with rigour all sources of amusement from the sphere of a religious life, have condescended thus to use the novel for the advancement of their particular opinions—as an organ not less legitimate, than powerful and effective."

In 1812, Miss Owenson became the wife of Sir Charles Morgan, who had been, we believe, an English apothecary. Mr. Fitzpatrick's account of how he got his title, forms one of the richest episodes in this truly interesting book.

"Florence M'Carthy" was her next work—if possible, an improvement on "O'Donnel;" and, in 1815, Lady Morgan's celebrated book on France appeared:

"This complicated and laborious task, Lady Morgan executed with all the spirit inherent to an ardent mind, and all the independence which is characteristic of an honest and a courageous one. Her remarks on French society possessed peculiar interest, for they were not founded on hearsay, or on the result of metaphysical speculation, but were drawn from actual, and apparently very close observation. Exploring with care and accuracy the springs of political action, among all the factions which then disturbed and distracted the breast of La Belle France, Lady Morgan's work, while it afforded the friends of Liberty a high and valued treat, stung corruption to madness and revenge. Energetically written, lively, but not flippant, original, without affectation, polished, but not laboured, and graphic without redundancy, the reader finds himself transported into the midst of the gay scenes which she so vividly and temptingly portrays. Whether Lady Morgan converses with the glittering courtier, the *petit propriétaire* of a few acres, the lady of high rank, or the great literary or political lion, we make one of the party, and at length retire from the *conversations*, sometimes instructed, often refreshed, always amused. But the *salons* of the great would seem to have had less attraction for Lady Morgan than the practical acquaintance which, for generous purposes, she formed with the French peasantry. Happy as seemed their condition, she did not view it with unmixed pleasure. When she beheld the bright cottage garden, and the various comforts of the contented French peasants, the remembrance of the then wretched, oppressed and degraded population of her own country, hurried to her mind, and furnished a contrast and comparison which, in a mind so sensitive as hers, must have created very painful sensations. 'The finest flowers in France,' she writes, 'are now to be found in the peasant's garden—the native *Rose de Provence*—the stranger rose of India, entwine their blossoms, and grow together amidst the rich foliage of the vine, which scales the gable, and creeps along the roof of the cottage. I have seen a French peasant as proud of his tulips as any stock-jobber florist of Amsterdam, and heard him talk of his carnations, as if he had been the sole possessor of the *semper Augustus*! Oh! when shall I behold near the peasant's hovel in my own country other flowers than the bearded thistle which there raises its lonely head, and scatters its down upon every passing blast; or the scentless shamrock, the unprofitable blossom of the soil, which creeps to be trodden upon, and is gathered only to be plunged in the inebriating draught, commemorating annually the fatal illusions of the people, and drowning in the same tide of madness their emblems and their wrongs."

The great success of this Book on France induced Colburn to offer Lady Morgan £2,000 for a work descriptive of Italy and its people. This task was executed by Lady Morgan with not less ability than the former, and elicited a marked expression of applause from Byron, who certainly cannot be regarded as an indiscriminate eulogist. Until 1839, Lady Morgan re-

sided at 35, Kildare-street, Dublin, where, for many years, she had continued to throw open her rooms almost nightly, to the leading literary folk of her native city. Her *reunions* and *conversations* were also attended by all the chiefs of the Liberal party—a circumstance which rendered her house a complete centre of opinion in Dublin, and not a little tended to promote the Catholic cause. “The O’Briens and the O’Flaherties,” published in 1827, had a similarly generous aim. During the following year, we find Daniel O’Connell, with this book for his text, paying a graceful tribute to the national feelings and achievements of Lady Morgan. “To Irish female talent and patriotism we owe much,” he said: “There is one name consecrated by a generous devotion to the best interests of Ireland—a name sacred to the cause of liberty, and of everything great, virtuous, and patriotic—the name of an illustrious female who has suffered unmanly persecution for her talented and chivalrous adherence to her native land. Need he say that he alluded to Lady Morgan. Her name is received with

enthusiasm by the people of that country, where her writings create and perpetuate among the youth of both sexes a patriotic ardour in the cause of everything that is noble and dignified.” Considering her great popularity in Ireland, it is indeed no wonder that Lady Morgan should so long have preferred “Dear dirty Dublin,” as she herself called it, to a splendid house in Regent Street, which the late Mr. Colburn offered her rent free.

In parting from Mr. Fitzpatrick, we need hardly stop to wish him success, as he is sure to obtain it. He has brought diligence, learning, honesty of purpose, and practical patriotism to his task; and, still more, he has pressed, or compressed, a vast quantity of the most valuable and interesting matter into the most economical space, so as that no reader, however humble, who wishes to know what Ireland was, and how she was saved, more than half a century ago, need hesitate to invest his money in the purchase of one of the cheapest, pleasantest, and best digested biographies which we have read for many a long day.

THE BLACKSMITH OF LIMERICK.

BY ROBERT D. JOYCE.

I.

He grasped his ponderous hammer, he could not stand it more,
To hear the bombshells bursting, and thundering battle's roar;
He said, “The breach they're mounting, the Dutchman's murdering crew—
I'll try my hammer on their heads, and see what *that* can do!

II.

“Now swarthy Ned and Moran, make up that iron well;
’Tis Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoes, so mind not shot or shell!”
“Ah sure,” cried both, “the horse can wait—for Sarsfield's on the wall,
And where you go we'll follow, with you to stand or fall!”

III.

The blacksmith raised his hammer, and rushed into the street,
His 'prentice boys behind him, the ruthless foe to meet—
High on the breach of Limerick, with dauntless hearts they stood,
Where bombshells burst, and shot fell thick, and redly ran the blood.

IV.

“Now look you, brown-haired Moran, and mark you, swarthy Ned,
This day we'll prove the thickness of many a Dutchman's head!
Hurra! upon their bloody path they're mounting gallantly;
And now the first that tops the breach, leave him to this and me!”

V.

The first that gained the rampart, he was a captain brave,
A captain of the grenadiers, with blood-stained dirk and glaive;
He pointed and he parried, but it was all in vain,
For fast thro' skull and helmet the hammer found his brain!

VI.

The next that topt the rampart, he was a colonel bold,
Bright thro' the murk of battle his helmet flashed with gold.—
"Gold is no match for iron!" the doughty blacksmith said,
As with that ponderous hammer he cracked his foeman's head!

VII.

"Hurra for gallant Limerick!" black Ned and Moran cried,
As on the Dutchmen's leaden heads their hammers well they plied.—
A bombshell burst between them—one fell without a groan,
One leapt into the lurid air, and down the breach was thrown!

VIII.

"Brave smith! brave smith!" cried Sarsfield, "beware the treacherous mine—
Brave smith! brave smith! fall backward, or surely death is thine!"
The smith sprang up the rampart, and leap'd the blood-stained wall,
As high into the shuddering air went foemen, breach, and all!

IX.

Up like a red volcano they thundered wild and high,
Spear, gun, and shattered standard, and foemen thro' the sky;
And dark and bloody was the shower that round the blacksmith fell—
He thought upon his 'prentice boys, they were avenged well!

X.

On foemen and defenders a silence gathered down,
'Twas broken by a triumph-shout that shook the ancient town;
As out its heroes sallied, and bravely charged and slew,
And taught King William and his men what Irish hearts can do!

XI.

Down rushed the swarthy blacksmith unto the river side,
He hammered on the foe's pontoon, to sink it in the tide;
The timber it was tough and strong, it took no crack or strain—
"Mavrone, 't wont break," the blacksmith roared, "I'll try their heads again!"

XII.

He rushed upon the flying ranks—his hammer ne'er was slack,
For in thro' blood and bone it crashed, through helmet, and through jack:—
He's ta'en a Holland captain beside the red pontoon,
And "Wait you here," he boldly cries, "I'll send you back full soon!

XIII.

"Dost see this gory hammer? It cracked some skulls to-day,
And yours 'twill crack, if you don't stand and list to what I say:—
Here! take it to your cursèd king, and tell him softly too,
'Twould be acquainted with *his* skull, if he were here, not you!"

XIV.

The blacksmith sought his smithy, and blew his bellows strong,
He shod the steed of Sarsfield, but o'er it sang no song;
"Ochone! my boys are dead;" he cried, "their loss I'll long deplore,
But comfort's in my heart, their graves are red with foreign gore!"

O'CONNELL AS A SPORTSMAN.

A DAY WITH THE KERRY BEAGLES.

BY "SHAMROCK."

THE name of the illustrious gentleman that heads this paper is too well known, both in his public and domestic relations, to require from so poor a scribe as myself any passing eulogy. He has been extolled by his admirers, and condemned by his very few detractors; and so will all great men be in the present and the future, as they have been in the past. O'Connell's name will live in history, and like many another great-souled being, his memory will yet be revered by those very parties and sects of politicians, with whom narrow prejudices and sectarian differences were, in their relations with him, allowed to warp judgment and discretion.

I am neither competent nor desirous to write an autobiography; my self-imposed task is more congenial to my abilities and inclinations. I purpose merely giving a few notes from memory of O'CONNELL AS A SPORTSMAN. I shall have first to introduce *myself*, unceremoniously as it may appear.

The utmost stretch of memory will not suffice to carry me farther back upon the tortuous and thorny road of life, than to the days when, emerging from "babbling infancy" into pert boyhood, I became the spoiled pet of a sporting uncle, and the terror of the matrons that presided over the kitchen and the fowl-house of his establishment.

If the female portion of the household hated me cordially, and beheld me with a "holy horror," for mischievous onslaughts on the crockery, and successful raids upon the hen-house, the new-laid eggs and new-set clutches coming all alike to me, to be relentlessly disposed of (as boys know how) in the intellectual (?) game of "Blind Tom;" I was, on the other hand, the idol of the stable-men, and the peculiar care of the gamekeeper.

It may, then, be easily understood how my early boyhood was more devoted to mastery of the jockey's art, and the intricacies of stable lore, than to a studious application to the rules of Lindley Murray, or an endeavour to master the difficulties of Johnson's dictionary. The result was, that when full fifteen, the mysteries of trapping vermin, rearing young pheasants, and "bagging" woodcocks "right and left," were far more familiar and easier of accomplishment to me, than was the mastery of the simplest rule in arithmetic.

A horse of any sort, be he gentle or the reverse, I could ride to perfection, whether "kicking him along" at a rasper, or, with "neat handling," showing off his paces to advantage. The horsemanship was perfect, my knowledge in stable lore profound; but, alas! for the "dead languages," and all more useful branches of an ordinary education. Virgil, Horace, Homer, and Lucian, were only bugbears that scared me from recapitulation of their horrors by my young friends, rather than by actual experience of their proverbial toughness to the "great unbreeched."

I hunted my uncle's harriers when I should have been the inmate of a boarding-school; and my precocity was

so notorious, that I was received as a boon-companion by the men, and looked upon as an eligible *parti* by the ladies, when scarce seventeen.

Although I most certainly would have occupied the junior form in a public school, from the paucity, or rather nullity, of my literary attainments, still, in society I was very presentable.

I could scarcely write anything beyond bank orders and invitations, it is true; but then I was tall, a good figure, and good-looking; could talk "soft nothings" to the ladies, and *chaff* my male companions, too, if necessary; never shirked my claret, was handy with my pistol, sung like a lark, and danced like a cricket; and though last, not least, was heir-apparent to my uncle; and every one knew his rental to be over £5000 a-year. In short, I was a prodigious favourite, and no ball, rout, or sporting reunion for miles round could be found without me. My fame as a sportsman and "gay fellow" reached far and near; and at twenty, I was considered the best "gentleman jock" of the day, and regarded as a reliable authority upon all sporting subjects—scarcely second to "Bell's Life." To this popularity of mine, as much as to Mr. O'Connell's knowledge of and friendship for my uncle, I have the pleasure of having met that great man in his hours of relaxation, when all the trammels of his position as a statesman and advocate were laid aside; and when, without restraint or hindrance, he gave egress to the happy feelings that surcharged his warm soul, and welled up from his generous and expansive breast, diffusing around the circle that enjoyed communion with him, the pleasing influence of his varied gifts.

A party of young Englishmen, the sons and nephews of an old brother-officer and fellow-campaigner of my uncle's, had come to visit us; attracted, as they said, by a desire to make my acquaintance, they being, one and all, ardent sportsmen themselves. After enjoying some hunting and cock shooting, they left us, extracting a promise from me to join them in a fishing tour through Ireland the following spring and summer. The next April found us located at the *then* great hotel in the lake district of Killarney, where a good dinner, a comfortable bed, and a very fair glass of wine and of the *native*, were procurable before ever the railway or the now colossal building called the "Lake Hotel" were thought of.

Though April was in her "teens," the days were still cold in our variable climate, and the presence of a cheerful turf-fire that burned in the grate of the public room, where my friends and self were discussing a very fair sample of Chateau Margaux, after having disposed of a homely dinner of broiled salmon and roast mutton, was not by any means a disagreeable adjunct.

The conversation of course turned upon fishing, and we were busily propounding our ideas, and discussing different views of the speakers, when an addition was made to our party by the advent of a stout, hale, plain-looking gentleman, about fifty to all appearance, and two younger ones, his companions. Seeing us, as was evident, one party, the elder of the new comers lifted his travelling-cap, and bowing, as only a well-bred Irishman

can bow, uttered some nicely-chosen expressions that soon put us all at our ease.

We were made aware that our agreeable companion was Daniel O'Connell; for the waiter could not refrain from communicating the intelligence *sotto voce*, expecting a startling effect upon my English friends, in which he was not disappointed. The *sub rosa* intelligence disturbed the equanimity of the party at first, which, being observed by "the great man," with characteristic amiability so redolent of his nature, he strove, and successfully, to place us at our ease.

We had set him down as a great statesman, who only derived enjoyment from the lofty exercise of his soaring and powerful genius, and who had no sympathies outside his mission, much less with anglers. Fancy, then, our surprise and delight, when after having passed some well-expressed criticisms upon the peculiar scenery that characterised his portion of the country, he launched into a pleasing and still didactic description of the trout fishing which the Lakes of Killarney and their tributary streams afforded. And the man to whom I had willingly accorded a proud pre-eminence in professional capacity and statesmanlike skill, astonished me—the great sporting authority of my own little orbit—with the profundity of his knowledge in the most critical and minute intricacies of Walton's "gentle art."

The beauty, too, of the whole was, that he entered into our sporting enthusiasm with a boyish gusto and freshness that was delightful in one of his age and position.

In reply to one of my young friends who said he had but poor sport upon the Killarney waters, Mr. O'Connell smilingly observed—

"To insure success in anything we must take care, my young friend, that we begin right; for without a reliable basis to found our expectations upon, the superstructure—be it ever so attractive—will disappoint our hopes."

"My beginning, sir," responded the youngster, with much naïveté, "commenced by putting my hand in my pocket,—an operation, too, that I found your Dublin fishing-tackle outfitters very desirous of having very often repeated before they cry, 'hold, enough!' For I had collected as much tackle as required a separate portmanteau, before my too-kind caterer cried, stop."

"Certainly, George," exclaimed one of the party, "any half dozen anglers should be gluttons in their ideas of a trout-fisher's paraphernalia, if they could not rig themselves out bravely from your individual stock."

"Where's the use of it all," exclaimed the victim deprecatingly, "when I can kill no fish?"

The roar of laughter that followed this appeal showed anything but sympathy for poor George, and O'Connell laughed merrily at his ludicrous expression of countenance, which spoke as plainly as words could, "Oh! I have been done, and I know it."

"Well, young gentleman," exclaimed the man of the people, wiping the moisture from his eyes occasioned by the laugh at poor George, "your beginning was wrong, and your failure as a consequence is, I think, a practical proof of the soundness of my axiom: that if the foundation is unstable, all is insecure."

"Well, sir, now that I have been fool enough to do the *wrong thing*, will you kindly tell me what would have been *right*, in order that I may be wiser the next time?"

"In the first place, never go to an interested party to seek counsel and advice—and never be persuaded to cumber yourself with more than a few general patterns, until you arrive at your destination, where, for one-fourth of the cost of useless though handsome flies, you will obtain from some local fisherman a few that experience have taught him suit the waters he is accustomed to fish in. I have myself fished a good deal; and my experience leads me to conclude that want of observation and too great credulity are the chief stumbling-blocks in the way of the angler's success."

"It will be found that on all waters in Ireland—notwithstanding that an outfitter will fill your book with varied patterns *ad infinitum*,—there are not more than eight or nine killing flies for white and brown trout; and that the same patterns that suit other streams and rivers, if only judiciously varied to suit the depth and color of the water, will be found as effective in one place as in the other. There are, to be sure, always some one or two favorites that nothing but local knowledge can give you an insight of."

"Here, for instance, there is one particularly useful fly thus early in the season, called the 'Cow-dung Fly,' or 'Hare's-ear-and-yellow.'"

"Perhaps, sir," I ventured to observe, "you would tell me how that pattern is tied in this locality, as it is a favourite fly with my uncle, who is a great sportsman."

"Take a good pinch of fur off a mountain hare's ear, to it put a thirtieth complement of yellow mohair, just sufficient to give the appearance of the cow-dung fly's yellow legs; put horus of mallard's feather, tip with gold tinsel, wing with a feather from a starling's wing; tie upon an F E Limerick hook for our streams, and twice the size for our lakes. Those were the directions given me by a worthy sportsman and esteemed friend of mine, Squire H—," said he, naming my uncle. "Thirty years ago," he continued, "he gave me those instructions, and oftentimes since I have found them useful."

"In my childhood, sir, I was taught the same by the gentleman you named, who is my very dear, kind, and good uncle."

"Then," said he, a beaming smile of gratified pleasure illumining his countenance, "I have the pleasure of meeting one casually, who could have few stronger claims upon my attention, than being so near a relative of my esteemed old friend."

"Except, sir, what may lie in a very voluminous-looking letter of introduction with which I have been accredited to Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P., Derrynane Abbey, and which I proposed having presented but for your absence from home," I remarked.

"Yes, I regret that I have been absent for a few days; but I hope you have been made comfortable here. Wont you present me to your friends; those two gentlemen are my sons, whom you will find as fond of sport as I see you all here are."

The introductions having been duly made, and fresh horses having been announced to "his honor's" carriage, we parted; but, not until we had, one and all, accepted a most kindly-pressed invitation to Derrynane Abbey, during our sojourn at the Lakes of Killarney, where we were assured of good sport under Mr. O'Connell's guidance, and of some hunting on foot in the mountains with his far-famed "Kerry beagles."

By the time of his departure from the hotel the news had spread that "the Liberator" had come home, and as we accompanied him to the door, it was perceptible that a dense crowd had collected in front of the house. A thrilling cheer greeted his appearance, which compliment he returned by raising his cap in acknowledgment. His absence had been of short duration; but so beloved was he, that his "welcome home" was as enthusiastic and hearty as if he had just landed from a dangerous but prosperous voyage across the raging Atlantic, that surged and roared along the coasts of his native Kerry.

Next forenoon found us approaching Derrynane Abbey, the truly hospitable seat of the great O'Connell, who had condescended from his high estate to entertain and amuse a company of young men little more than lads. This was no trouble to him; he was the gayest amongst us, and well became the post of honor in that household remarkable for its refinement, combined with hospitable and chastened conviviality.

The situation and appearance of this far-famed mansion is too well known, and has been too frequently described to need repetition here: suffice it to say, that without it looked the residence of a gentleman of rank, and its internal arrangements endorsed that appearance to the fullest extent.

The most minute wants, and even individual tastes of his guests, were known as if by intuition, and supplied as if by magic.

The ordering of the household was regular, and to borrow a favourite phrase of our Saxon neighbours, "*Irish*" in nothing but its profuse hospitality.

In this delightful place we found ourselves located, with every conveniences of situation and natural attributes, and all necessary sporting appliances for gratifying the ruling passion amongst us disciples of "father Izaak." Here it was that I had the happiness afforded me of making the acquaintance of the purest-hearted man I ever met;—I allude to the late lamented Captain John O'Connell, of whom I then formed a very exalted opinion, an opinion which was enlarged and strengthened by a subsequent lengthened intimacy of a nature calculated to induce to an insensible display of the amiable qualities with which his truly *Irish* heart ran over. And never was there one richer in every sentiment that could do honor to the man, adorn the gentleman, and exalt the Christian, than was that of my departed friend and former brother-officer—Captain John O'Connell. Peace be unto him! May he enjoy that rest that belongeth not to this world, and which passeth human understanding. For it, his pious life and strict attention to his religious duties eminently fitted him, we should hope.

Notwithstanding that the junior members of the

O'Connell family were all that good dispositions and proper culture could make them, yet there was about their father a something peculiar to himself, that insensibly won the regard of those with whom he was brought into friendly intercourse. He possessed that *tact*, which is a distinguishing trait in most public men, of finding out the tastes of his companions very quickly. And then, his vast and very varied fund of information, enabled him to be quite at home with his company—no matter how diversified were they as to taste or profession, politicians, historians, poets, painters, sportsmen, or political economists, with many others, were familiar keys to play upon. He knew much, and he talked delightfully upon any subject that engrossed the conversation. And I cannot conclude this notice without attributing his great success in gaining the affections and friendships of those coming into contact with him in his hours of relaxation, as well as at other times, to the fact of his thorough insight into human nature, and his deep knowledge of the mysterious workings of man's heart and mind.

If astonished at the evidences he had given my party and myself of his efficiency as an angler, when conversing upon piscatory matters with us, the evening previous to the day upon which he proposed to show us some hunting with his celebrated pack of beagles, I was equally surprised to find how minutely he understood every phase of "hare hunting," a species of hunting so very generally little known about in its purity, and commonly very ignorantly and erroneously conducted.

"I love hunting the hare," he remarked, "with hounds best fitted for enjoyment of the great chances of good hunting which the peculiar wiles and instincts of the little animal afford. I think it a pity to run her down at a "view" with fox hounds, as is now-a-days so common throughout the country. For, in truth, what are now termed "harriers" are three-quarter, or pure-bred fox-hounds. Hounds speedy enough to make poor "puss" run straight for her life as long as she can go, without affording her the time that the keen-nosed but slower-hunting beagle gives her for exercise of the strategic efforts to baffle pursuit, that nature has endowed her with. Those native-bred beagles of mine, like their remote ancestor the southern hound, sit down to "throw tongue," and tho' slow, are so true and staunch as seldom to let any hare escape them. But then it is fair hunting, and not "bursting" hares at the first "view."

"True, sir!" I ventured to observe; "but the majority of the men now-a-days that keep hunters, go out to ride to hounds, and not to see hounds hunt, of which latter delightful prospect they know nothing, and care less. My uncle, however, just speaks as you do about the beauties and abuses of hare hunting, and I think every true disciple of the sport will coincide in your views."

Next morning I was brought back to a sense of my sublunary existence from the visionary "dream-land" into which I had wandered:—for the active and never-sleeping mind will stray away through its flowery meads and golden valleys, while the frail tenement, in accor-

dance with the laws of its perishable nature, seeks that repose necessary to its grosser and frailer character; thence I had been roused by the blast of a huntsman's horn; so loud and prolonged, that, "rock, glen, and cavern paid it back," and the startled goats and wild deer crouched in their lairs upon the rugged sides of the not-distant Mangerton mountain; while cocks, dogs, and hounds joined in a clatter or discord that would certainly be disagreeable in Pandemonium, if there is any regard to concord in sound in that region. The sleeping *chasseurs* that were to "join the chase at break of day," had soon donned their habiliments, and assembled in the court-yard, where the scene that presented itself was worthy of a Landseer's best professional exertions, and peculiar in those degenerate days: degenerate as shown in the following quotation from a good old English song, "The Squires of Old."

"Our huntsmen lie on beds of down,
To waste the cheerful morn;
While our squires of old would wake the day,
With the sound of the bugle-horn;
And their wives took care
The feast to prepare,
Before they left the plain;
And 'twas merrie in the hall
When the beards wagg'd all,
Shall we ever see its like again?"

It was just daybreak when we met the master of the Kerry beagles,—the world-wide celebrated O'Connell, and his pack. The master himself was hearty as usual, as he stood with the light of the lanterns illuminating his jolly countenance, and fitfully lighting up the surrounding scene. He was arrayed in shooting jacket and trousers, a stout staff in his hand, and an officer's field-glass or telescope thrown over his shoulder in its case and slings; a fur cap sat rather jauntily upon his head; some of his most favorite hounds collected round him, rubbing their noses against his hands; while less-privileged members of the pack vented their feelings in prolonged notes of that music so spirit-stirring to a sportsman's heart.

All being found in readiness, the word "forward" was given, and the whole party trudged together for some time, led by the master himself, until arrived at the foot of a mountain, where the huntsman and hounds diverged into an adjacent valley, and O'Connell and the party that accompanied him stoutly breasted the mountain side, never halting, except when some of the plethoric ones cried "bellows to mend." In about half an hour after commencing our ascent, we reached the summit of one of the brows of this mighty mountain, from which we were to witness the hunting of the hounds beneath us. The April sun was just glinting over the tops of a range of mountains on the verge of the horizon, and calling into renewed existence from the torpor of the past night all animate creation; the gay and happy to their fleeting joys—the wretched and unfortunate to the transitory sorrow of their journey through this "vale of tears." And thus it will be, till "Time shall be no longer;" until this beautiful world and its numerous denizens shall crumble like mildew, and wither like a

parched scroll before the out-poured wrath of a long suffering and outraged Creator; upon that awful day—"the beginning of the ending,"—when the long-permitted stream of Time shall at length have run its course, and be absorbed in the ever-rolling, never-ending sea, of an appalling Eternity. Oh Man! how frail is thy tenure here below, how blind thy insensate folly!

"The cob-webb'd cottage's mouldering wall
Is royalty to thee, is cord and cable;
To man's tend'rest tie on earthly bliss,
It breaks with every breeze!"

No matter how great thy earthly possessions—how exalted thy rank, how lofty thy pretensions—die thou must! Julius Cæsar was a great man, and a mighty conqueror, and his ashes have long ages ago vanished, 'mid the crumbling remnants of mighty Rome; Oliver Cromwell was a great man of his order, and he too had to depart to his "last house," and shall have to render his *last account*! In our own day the DUKE OF WELLINGTON was a GREAT MAN; and now *his* remains would scarcely fill a snuff-box, but for the embalmer's art. DAN O'CONNELL was a GREAT MAN, and a *good* man (what none of the rest were); his son John was an honourable and a good man; but now they lie as lowly as any of the "common herd" in the peaceful graveyard of Glasnevin! Such is life—passing away! Let him who thinks himself a GREAT MAN from any cause—either from commanding homage through wealth, hereditary rank, or signal merit—go forth in mountain solitudes, and let him go alone! He must have no second shipwrecked mariner to pull an oar in his own frail bark, or to lend him any effrontery to muffle conscience. If thou art great, wealthy, and inflated with pride—one to whom the cultivated accord supremacy, and the vulgar homage, go *alone* to some lofty mountain-top, while the world sleeps around you; mark the glorious kaleidoscopic changes that herald the advent of the "King of Day;" observe how awakening nature deports itself. See! how the hare with busy foot bestirs herself about the business of the day. Look! how the cock grouse shakes off the sluggard, and "challenges" his brood to their matutinal meal. Behold! the skylark, "ethereal minstrel of the sky," soar aloft on trembling pinions, as if awe-stricken while ascending towards that throne of glory, beneath which he pours forth his rapturous flood of melody—the hymn of Nature—a morning's offering to Nature's God. Go! behold those things! think upon them, and feel how little thou art—how great is thy God!—poor, decaying, paltry worm—passing away! Oh, weak, short-sighted mortal that thou art.

To return to our adventure, from thoughts engendered by the painful memory which drawing the curtain from the past has awakened, and the recollection that of all that sturdily breasted the mountain side that day, the writer *alone* remains. 'Tis not twenty years ago.

The spot chosen by O'Connell, from which to afford his guests a good prospect of the working of his hounds, was reached with considerable difficulty and fatigue, so

precipitous was the ascent. A few notes on the master's horn was signal sufficient for the huntsman to "throw off," and very soon the hounds were settled upon the trail of a hare.

Those beagles of O'Connell's were all of the pure Kerry breed, as large as blood-hounds, slow in pace, deep and melodious in voice, and from their strength and hardness admirably suited for hunting in wild and mountainous districts, where their great strength, and a ponderous species of activity, aided them in surmounting obstacles that lighter and less resolute hounds would succumb to; and their melodious and deep-toned tongue harmonised admirably with the stupendous mountain scenery, as it awoke the responsive echoes that tenanted every surrounding valley and cavern, producing an effect thrillingly delighting to any man, but absolutely rapturous to O'Connell's *Celtic* nature and sympathising taste.

During a prolonged and beautiful hunt up the side of the mountain immediately towards us, through which the pack distinguished themselves by the truest hunting imaginable over very difficult ground; their delighted owner never lost a point worthy of notice that they made, nor failed to call attention to it, as he watched, with the critical acumen of a good judge, the varying fortune of the chase.

"Now, gentlemen, this is what I call true hare-hunting," he exclaimed, as with praise-worthy acuteness and pertinacity the beagles "picked out" a most difficult scent, and "carrying it on" to better scenting ground beyond, raced away with it, as they yelled in chorus their notes of triumph and premeditated revenge.

"Yoie! forward! good hounds!" he shouted in ecstasy, as the gladdened pack swept on like sea-gulls on the wing, and at a greater pace than I imagined them at all capable of.

It was just as they "checked" within a hundred yards of us, upon some rocky ground, after the "burst" just described, that an incident characteristic of O'Connell took place, and which, from its original sharpness, is worthy recording.

The parish priest, or a parish priest, and his coadjutor, were of the party that accompanied us from Derrynane; but during the excitement of the hunt, they and some of our party had got on to a sharp ledge of rock, from which they expected a closer view of the hounds. It was immediately beneath these gentlemen that the hounds "checked." The pack, after some difficulty, "hit it off" cleverly, and went away at score, cheered with a will by their delighted and now excited master.

"They're wrong!" shouted the two clergymen, in a breath, from their elevation on the ledge, "the hare went in the opposite direction."

"Nonsense!" impatiently responded O'Connell.

"We saw the hare run in the opposite direction, I assure you, sir!" hallooed the parish priest.

"No doubt in the world of it!" echoed the coadjutor.

"Well, gentlemen," retorted the now-nettled owner of the staunch pack, "no man entertains a higher

opinion of you both individually, and of your sacred profession generally, than I do; but you must pardon me for saying, that in the present instance, I think the hounds are *telling the truth*."

"They're not going the way the hare went, anyhow," persisted the priests.

"I think they are," cried O'Connell, laughing; "but, at any rate, *we'll give them the benefit of the doubt*."

A perfect roar of laughter followed this happy hit; in which the two worthy clergymen joined most heartily. The result proved that the beagles were "telling the truth," for they brought the *hunted hare* round, and killed her within a few yards of us. Their reverences and party on the ledge of rock, had seen a hare, but it was a fresh one that crossed the line of scent, but failed to attract the notice of the sagacious beagles of Dan O'Connell.

The echo of those happy days is all that is left to the writer: his young friends of that morning, on the wild mountains of Kerry, have, like their host, all departed to the mystic land of a world of spirits. Some died out in the peaceful avocations of their calling, while others have fallen upon the arid *steppes* of Russia, and upon the burning plains of Ind, with glory to themselves, and with England's untarnished honour safe in their keeping. Some lie in the vaults of their family, where the shadows of lofty elms shade their cenotaph from the too-rude glare of summer's sun: others repose on Cathcart's Hill, 'midst the remains of the noblest and bravest the world has seen: the rest are buried, mangled corpses, with their avenging swords, beneath the ruins of the revolted cities of the East. One of all the party remains, he who, with his grey-goose quill, has striven to "while away an hour"—those precious hours, so few and so fleeting—hopeful that here, as in all other of his writings, he may, with the lighter amusement of the tale, have interlaced, without offence to the most hypercritical, some of that thought and feeling which, under the culture of a sensitive mind, may lead to pleasure that passeth not away. *Vale!*

SHAMROCK.

THE BUONAPARTE FAMILY IN LITERATURE.

THE military and political history of the first Emperor Napoleon, has been the subject of so many writers, and has been discussed with such variety of praise and blame, of adulation and invective, that in its general features, at least, it may be regarded as well known. But the literary labours of the Buonapartes are less known, and have not as yet been appreciated, at least in the British dominions, with the impartiality that becomes the republic of letters. There was a Jacobo Buonaparte present in Rome, when it was taken and sacked by the army which the traitorous Bourbon led against it in the year 1527. Of the calamities that then befel the pontifical city—of all the woes the Romans then had to endure—there remain the two vivid contemporary narratives of this Jacobo Buonaparte, and

of the Florentine artist, Benvenuto Cellini. Whether Jacobo was an ancestor of the imperial Napoleonic family, is not ascertained, and a similar uncertainty exists as to the dramatic writer of the fifteenth century, Nicolò Buonaparte, author of *La Vedova* (The Widow), a comedy, printed at Florence in 1568, 1592, and again in Paris, 1803. It has even been questioned whether the great Napoleon's family was derived from that ancient Buonapartean stock, or whether it should not rather be referred to a Grecian origin, in that colony of refugees from Maina, the ancient Sparta, who, flying from their Turkish oppressors, found a refuge in the Italian island of Corsica, in the year 1677. Corsica, which had formerly belonged to the Holy See, and by some of the popes had been granted to the State of Pisa in Tuscany, became subject to Genoa as the result of a successful war; but it long after continued to supply a regiment of the Pope's guards. The bravery and devotedness of the Corsicans especially recommended them for this honourable service, from which they were at last excluded, at the arrogant dictation of a French king. During great part of the eighteenth century, the Corsicans were engaged in efforts to release themselves from the government of Genoa. The Genoese, feeling themselves unequal to the contest, called in the assistance, first of German, and then of French auxiliaries; and finally, after the war had been protracted through many years with various success, found themselves compelled to transfer the sovereignty of the island to France, in compensation for the expenses incurred by their powerful yet not disinterested assistant. The cession, at first only conditional and as a pledge for the repayment, was definitively and conclusively made in June, 1769, the Corsican people having no voice in the matter, and their feelings of nationality being disregarded alike by both the contracting parties—their ancient oppressor, and those who were in future to be their masters. The disparity of force was now such that further resistance became hopeless, and although the Corsicans did not wholly resign their long-cherished ideas of independence, they appeared to acquiesce in the new political arrangement. While the war of independence against the Genoese and their allies was still raging in Corsica, its many heroic incidents excited the admiration of observers, and hence a celebrated writer of the last century, the sensuous and infidel Jean Jacques Rousseau, was led to express his presentiment that the little island would one day astonish Europe: "*J'ai quelque presentiment,*" says he, "*qu'un jour cette petite île étonnera l'Europe.*" This was written many years before the great Napoleon was born, and never was presentiment or conjecture more fully realised by the course of events. Well might Europe be surprised at witnessing the marvellous career of the first Napoleon. Rising from the rank of a subaltern military officer, we see him, by his merits only, acquiring the chief command of armies; he controls or directs the Titanic forces of the French Revolution, places himself on an imperial throne, and after humbling or subverting almost every established government in Europe, and bestowing kingdoms on his brothers

and dependents, abuses the advantages of his position—assails the Catholic Church, despoils its patrimony, deservingly incurs the severest of Ecclesiastical censures, and after many reverses, expires at last a captive on a lonely island in the Atlantic Ocean. Nothing in modern, nor perhaps in ancient history, presents such wonderful and instructive changes of fortune. That the empire should be revived in his family, was also prognosticated at a time when such a development could scarcely have appeared possible. Signora Letizia Buonaparte, the mother of the great Napoleon, on the day before her death, in December, 1822, confidently anticipated that her grandson would yet be Emperor of France, and spoke of it to her attendants as a future certainty. She probably meant the Duke of Reichstadt, whom the revolutionary party delighted to contemplate as the *spes altera mundi*, who survived her about ten years; but her conjecture or presentiment received its fulfilment when the present emperor, the third Napoleon, who is also her grandson, ascended the throne of France, in December, 1852.

In attempting to estimate the literary character of the Buonapartes, we must consider the influence of the nationality to which they willingly attached themselves. They preferred their adopted to their native country; their sympathies were entirely French; they desired that if it were possible their Italian birth might be forgotten, and that they should be looked on not merely as subjects but citizens of France. This probably originated in their ambition, to which France presented an adequate field, in place of the circumscribed limits within which it would have been pent up in Corsica. But there was conscious greatness in Napoleon's reply to the Emperor of Austria, when disdaining to trace back a long line of ancestors, he only said, "I am the Rodolph of Hapsburg of my family." It was in conformity with the assumption of a French nationality that Napoleone Buonaparte became Napoleon Bonaparte, and that the names of all his relatives were similarly modified. He had himself, at an early age, been sent to France for the purpose of education and military instruction. His earliest literary effort that has been preserved is said to be a fable written in 1782, when he was only thirteen years of age. The title is, *The Dog, the Rabbit, and the Hunter*, (*Le Chien, le Lapin, et le Chasseur*). This subject is treated in twenty-seven lines of French verse, and is only remarkable as a production of the future Emperor. But its authorship has not been sufficiently established. It was accidentally discovered in a single fragment, one leaf of a printed book, the title and date of which are unknown. From this copy it has been reprinted more than once. In the year 1790, he composed a History of Corsica, the publication of which was prevented by his having been suddenly ordered to proceed from Ajaccio to Auxonne on military service, and for half a century afterwards the work was believed to have been entirely lost. His brother Lucien had transcribed two copies, one of which was sent to Father Raynal, the well-known historical writer, by whom it was communicated to Mirabeau, and both agreed that the author indicated genius of a high order. From that

time the work entirely eluded research, until it was discovered by Signor Libri, formerly Professor in the University of Pisa, who described it and other unpublished pieces of the great Emperor's composition in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, of March, 1842. In the next year he published it in the journal *L'Illustration*, under the title of *Lettres sur la Corse*. The first publication of Napoleon's was a violent political pamphlet, *A Letter to M. Matteo Buttafuoco, a Representative for Corsica in the French National Assembly*. This, which was written in an Italian French style, was printed at Dole, in 1790, 8vo. His next production, *The Supper of Beaucaire*, was printed—but without the author's name—at Avignon, in 1793, and again among Napoleon's collected works, Paris, 1821. This piece, also, is political, treating of the events of its period—June and July, 1793—in the form of a conversation among the guests stopping at an inn of the little town of Beaucaire. This mode of discussing contemporary and contemplated politics has been recently resumed in some of the pamphlets which are supposed to be written under the influence of the French Government. In June, 1793, the future Emperor produced a memoir on the *Political and Military Position of Corsica*. This was printed in Paris, in 1841, from the original manuscript, the orthography of which was strictly preserved in the impression. *The Parallel between Caesar, Cromwell, Monk, and Bonaparte*, the joint work of Napoleon and his brother, Lucien, appeared in December, 1800. But, for Napoleon's literary character, there are better and more distinctive materials furnished by his numerous official writings, his correspondence, and his addresses to his soldiers. In these we find frequent indications of great natural abilities, and a boldness of expression and allusion that sometimes rises into sublimity. The dispatches of the Duke of Wellington are invaluable to the historian, but the rhetorician would in vain search them for examples such as would readily be found in the Buonaparte bulletins and orders of the day. The official and confidential correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with foreign courts, princes and ministers, and with French and foreign generals in Italy, Germany, and Egypt, was edited and published by General Beauvais, in seven volumes, 8vo, Paris, 1819, 20, a work now entirely out of print. This, however, will be completely superseded by the complete edition of the correspondence which is now in progress, under the direction of the present Emperor, which is to consist of fifteen volumes in 8vo, and was commenced with the issue of the first volume in 1858. Of this there is to be also magnificent impressions in the quarto form, which is not to be for sale, but will be reserved for those to whom the Emperor may order its transmission.

The first Napoleon justly estimated the importance of literature and the arts. He has been reproached for carrying off from conquered countries the most celebrated pictures and statues, as well as the most precious contents of libraries and museums, but this was really a mitigation of military violence. It saved so much from destruction, or indiscriminate pillage; and, at last, when

the war was over, rendered restitution, to some extent, practicable. How thankful would scholars be if the Library of Matthias Corvinus had been conveyed, either in part or entire, to Rome, or Paris, or Vienna, to be carefully preserved, instead of being destroyed by a violent and rapacious soldiery. The conception of a complete Code of Law for his dominions does honour to Napoleon, and will always be associated with his memory. The actual composition and elaboration of the *Cinq Codes* could not but be committed to the jurists of the Empire, but the animating and presiding spirit was Napoleon's.

The *Napoleonide* of Stefano Egidio Petroni, first published in 1809, may be described as a literary and artistic monument in honour of the first Napoleon. It consists of a hundred odes, or pieces of Italian poetry, in a variety of measures, each celebrating some incident or great event of his career, and is illustrated by an equal number of designs for medals, in the best style of the antique. But the undiscerning spirit of adulation has led the author to introduce and to praise some of the worst and most indefensible of his hero's actions. He has not, indeed, suggested *ENGUENSIS CAESAR* as the legend of a medal, but he has not hesitated to applaud the infamous treaty of Campo Formio, and the treacherous attack on the Order of St. John. We cannot avoid the conclusion, that the pernicious influence of the French literature of the last century had reached and corrupted Napoleon in early life, and that it is to it we should refer his many censurable actions. The strange opinions which he had formed on human society and motives of action, and on the most important objects of government and religion, are manifest in his correspondence, and fully explain much that we must reprobate, and that would otherwise be unintelligible.

The lately deceased Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon, is said to have left behind him some memoirs for publication, but he is otherwise unknown to literature. Louis Bonaparte, the father of the Emperor Napoleon III., possessed much of both literary activity and taste. His printed publications are numerous. In 1820 he published at Paris a *History of the Parliament of England, from its origin in 1234 to the year VII. of the French Republic*. One of his sons, we are uncertain which, published, in 1830, a French translation of Jacobo Buonaparte's Account of the Sacking of Rome, in 1827, which we mentioned at the beginning of this article.

But of all the Buonaparte family, the branch which has the highest claim to literary distinction is that of the Prince of Canino, the philosophic Lucien, who died in 1840. He accepted no honors from Napoleon, but uniformly preserved a virtuous and dignified simplicity. He desired no title higher than that of a man of learning, nor would he be called prince until that rank had been conferred on him by the Pope. His marriage was one of choice, with a lady of the middle class, and he displeased his imperious brother by refusing a divorce, which it was pretended would have left him at liberty to form an alliance with some royal

or princely family. His brother Jerome was more complaisant in this respect, and when commanded by Napoleon, repudiated his virtuous consort that he might marry a German princess. After the fall of Napoleon, when the Buonapartes were proscribed in almost all Europe, the Pope, returning good for evil, allowed them an asylum in his states. This was accepted by the Signora Letizia, mother of Napoleon, and sister of Cardinal Fesch, and also by Madame Hortense Eugénie de Beauharnais, the wife of Louis, the ex-king of Holland. Madame Hortense had two sons, Louis Napoleon, who subsequently died at Forlì, in March, 1831, and Charles Louis, who is now the Emperor Napoleon III., of whom Pope Gregory XVI. afterwards expressed an opinion, that he would yet render the church a great service. Lucien Buonaparte, who had much poetical taste, had written a French poem on the deliverance of the church by the Emperor Charles the Great. This he determined now to publish, with a dedication to His Holiness Pope Pius VII., to whom he had already addressed a letter of congratulation on being restored to possession of the Ecclesiastical State. The poem was accordingly published at London, in two handsome quarto volumes, with this title :

"*Charlemagne ; ou L'Eglise Délivrée.*
Poème Epique, en xxiv. chants.
Par Lucien Bonaparte, Membre de l'Institut
de France, &c. Londres, 1814."

It was reprinted in the next year at Paris. An English poetical translation was published in London, 1815, by two learned clergymen of the Established Church. The *Charlemagne* has, we think, been unjustly depreciated. Its faults are those of the French language, but its design, sentiments, and erudition, entitle it to rank not only above Chapelain, but above the boasted author of the stilted *Henriade* and the licentious *Pucelle*.

In September 1814, the author of "*Charlemagne*" received from the Pope the investiture of Canino, with the title of Prince, and on that occasion took the oath of fealty as a vassal of the Holy See. He continued from that time to lead a life of literary enjoyment. In 1819 he published another epic poem, *La Cyrneide, ou la Corse sauvée*, the subject of which is Corsica, and the hero Charles the Great. In 1829 he printed at Viterbo in large quarto his *Museum Etrusque*, in which he describes the Etruscan antiquities that he had discovered in 1828 and 1829. In 1836 he published the first volume of autobiography, (*Memoires de Lucien Bonaparte, écrits par lui-même*), a very interesting memoir written by himself in the French language, of which a very incorrect English version appeared soon afterwards at London. But Natural History also is indebted to the pens and pencils of the Buonapartes. The birds of North America, the beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles of Italy have been illustrated. The languages and dialects of Europe are among the diversified subjects to which this highly gifted family have applied their mental energies, and with a success which proves that they are capable of

literary greatness, and would be more justly appreciated if it were not that their critics have been dazzled by the glaring splendour of the first Napoleon's military empire. The naturalist and the philological scholar will be alike delighted by the *Fauna Italica* of Prince Carlo Luigi Buonaparte, and *Parabola de seminare*, in seventy-two distinct versions, the Polyglott collections of Prince Louis Lucien Buonaparte, in which with equal industry and judgment, he has brought together abundant subjects for the studies of some future Mezzofanti. Each of these works would merit a distinct notice, but as we have already exceeded the limits that we proposed to ourselves when commencing, we must now content ourselves with this slight and imperfect enumeration. We have less hesitation in merely mentioning the works of imagination composed by Joseph Buonaparte, of which the reputation was scarcely more durable than his transient reign over the kingdoms on which he was successively obtruded, by the imperious arrogance of the great Napoleon. UTIS.

DEAR BALLYBOY.

How quickly flows the stream of years,
 Regardless of our joys or ills ;
 Nor cares it for our smiles or tears,
 What fortune cures, what fortune kills.
 On, on it flows, swift as the wind,
 Nor waits it, friend, for you nor I ;
 How many has it left behind.
 Since last I saw dear Ballyboy ! *

Still Ballyboy, I'll ne'er forget,
 Though, since thy steeple last I spied,
 I've known much pleasure, pain, regret ;
 I've rambled half this world's side.
 Yet, ever have I hoped some day,
 I might perchance attain the joy
 Of graving, in some little way,
 A niche in fame for Ballyboy.

The Frankford river girds thy sides,
 Rippling towards the Shannon's breast,
 And golden willows kiss the tide,
 Thy banks with butter-cups are dressed.
 Could I forget the grand old pine
 On Knock-hill's top, so towering high ;
 The rosebuds, thyme, the sweet woodbine,
 That I once knew round Ballyboy.

The "haunted gate," the "echo hill,"
 The wild-wood, by the "valley's" path ;
 The sweet briar, circling Coghlan's mill,
 The myrtle on the Abbey's rath.
 The "park," old style ; the chapel yard,
 That sparkling well which ne'er ran dry ;
 The friends I loved, the village bard,
 Alas ! laid low in Ballyboy.

Oh ! dead, or gone to foreign lands,
 Are most my friends of long ago,
 I scarce may grip an old friend's hand
 So few are left now that I know.
 And yet, I do not once despair
 But that I may, before I die,
 Rove the haunts, and breathe the air,
 As long ago, round Ballyboy. J.

* Ballyboy is situate in the King's County. It lies between Tullamore, Parsonstown, and Shannon harbour.